THE

# THEATRICAL RECORDER:

BY

## THOMAS HOLCROFT.

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# THE BARON:

A COMEDY,

*IN TWO ACTS,*

TRANSLATED FROM

THE SPANISH OF INARCO CELENIO,

BY FANNY HOLCROFT.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO.

LEONARDO.

THE BARON DE MONTEPINO.

PASQUAL.

MADONNA MONICA.

ISABELLA.

FERMINA.

The SCENE lies at YLLESCAS.

# THE BARON:

## A COMEDY.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*A Hall decorated in the Village Taste; with three Doors: one on the Right Hand, leading to the Street; another on the Left, to the interior Apartments; and one in Front, opening to a Staircase.*

LEONARDO, FERMINA.

*Leonardo.*

YES, Fermina, this treatment is no less strange than unexpected. What mystery is here? Why does Isabella refuse to see me? and her mother, who was my friend and advocate, now to treat me with scorn! Oh, how tormenting is jealousy! This new guest—The Baron—— ?

*Fer.* The Baron?

*Leo.* What are his pretensions, his designs?

*Fer.* (*looking round in alarm*) I dare not stay.

*Leo.* Nay, tell me——

*Fer.* Should my mistress surprise us, I shall be ruined.

*Leo.* I only wait to hear the confirmation of my misfortune from your lips: speak!

*Fer.* Listen then. You know it is nearly two months since the Baron *de Montepino* came to Yllescas. He lodged at the inn opposite; and, being so near a neighbour, entertained us from his windows with compliments and little gallantries. We amused ourselves with the coxcomb, who had a tolerable voice: he paraded under our windows of nights, thrummed upon the guittar, decently enough—(*looks round in fear*)—in short, he introduced himself into our house, and, in half a dozen visits, completely wheedled himself into the good graces of my mistress. He bragged of his vassals, his domains, and his rents; of his correspondence with the monarch; of his mules, carriages, palaces, and so forth. My mistress listened, with gaping wonder, at every word: urged by your evil genius, you

must needs visit your cousin at Toledo. You could not have chosen a worse time.

*Leo.* The shortness of the distance, and his dangerous condition, made all excuse vain.

*Fer.* May be so: but let me finish my narration while the coast is clear. The Baron's visits became more frequent: he was gallant and respectful to the daughter, and obsequiously attentive to the mother, so that he turned the old lady's head. She could not exist a moment without her dear Baron: he took advantage of her infatuation, and complained his lodging was incommodious, the accommodations bad, and his rest disturbed by the crowing cock. These complaints were repeated, till my simple mistress sent for his sorry portmanteau, and installed its noble owner in her family, to display his insolence at pleasure. He occupies the best apartment in the house: having dined with the appetite of a hungry scholar, he sleeps like a prince, and, after taking the siesta, condescends to play at *ombre* with the ladies, or escort them in their rural walks. On his return, without shame or scruple, he makes a hearty supper, and goes to bed, to rise as hungry as ever. He pretends (*but simple are they who believe him*) he has been driven to this vagabond life by an affair of honor: the envious persecution of certain grandees, with a hundred other tales equally worthy of credit. Such is the present situation of affairs. Isabella still loves you, but she is dependant on her mother.

*Leo.* Who will force her to forget me: but why do I say *force?* Can I depend on her constancy? May she not already have forgotten me? May not this honey-tongued impostor have stolen her affections?—Distraction! (*going, returns*) Dear Fermina, take pity on my love, obtain me an interview with Isabella, describe the torments I suffer, tell her I am the most wretched of men, and that, if I am unworthy of her affection, at least I deserve honorable treatment. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Fer.* Poor youth! I fear, after so many years of fond illusions, useless sighs, and nightly watchings, that all your hopes will end in nothing. Is this love? One had better be a galley-slave.

## SCENE III.—*Enter* Madonna Monica.

*Mon.* Did you send, as I desired, to request my brother would come immediately?

*Fer.* Yes, Signora.

*Mon.* He is very long.

*Fer.* Slow and sure.

*Mon.* I want him particularly.

*Fer.* For what?

*Mon.* Your curiosity is impertinent.

*Fer.* (*eying her mistress*) What festival is this, Signora? It is no ordinary saint you mean to honor. Silk, laces, beads, and gauze——

*Mon.* Silence, fool!

*Fer.* Heaven help us, if a certain person were here!

*Mon.* Who?

*Fer.* But he is safe in his coffin.

*Mon.* Of whom are you speaking?

*Fer.* My late master, who, if you wore but a ribbon, called you a vain ridiculous woman.

*Mon.* If you do not hold your tongue——

*Fer.* I have heard——

*Mon.* Impertinence!

*Fer.* Yes, I have heard him——

*Mon.* What liberties are these?

*Fer.* I say nothing but the truth, as the whole neighbourhood can testify. Holy Virgin! I shall never forget how he stormed and swore at you by the hour together.

*Mon.* Silence!

*Fer.* And——

*Mon.* Silence, I say.

*Fer.* The truth is the truth.

## SCENE IV.—*Enter* Don Pedro.

*Ped.* Heyday! Scolding, sister?

*Mon.* (*pointing to* Fermina) Her impertinence is unbearable.

*Fer.* My mistress, Signor, is angry with me for speaking truth.

*Mon.* Leave the room.

*Fer.* I only say that my master——

*Mon.* Be gone!

*Fer.* I am going.

*Mon.* Do not come till you are called, and keep from the casement. [*Exit* Fermina.

## SCENE V.

*Ped.* You sent for me in a mighty hurry, sister; but, knowing you, I took my own time. (*sits*) What is the important business I am to transact?

*Mon.* (*sits beside* Pedro) I only wished to draw upon you for some money.

*Ped.* Money! And for what?

*Mon.* An affair of consequence.

*Ped.* Indeed! Well, how much do you want?

*Mon.* A hundred doubloons.

*Ped.* Very well: but we must think of settling the account between us. The money you placed in my hands has been

nearly drawn out. You gave me twelve thousand livres, six of which you have already had.

*Mon.* I know it.

*Ped.* Give me a receipt, and I will deliver up the remainder.

*Mon.* No; I only want a hundred doubloons.

*Ped.* For what?

*Mon.* I do not think myself accountable to you.

*Ped.* Your unwillingness to tell me is suspicious.

*Mon.* Tell you, indeed! Not I.

*Ped.* No? Well then, let us change the subject.

*Mon.* I suppose you would have me ask your permission to spend my own money?

*Ped.* You are a sensible woman!

*Mon.* And so you would hold me in tutelage? Mighty fine!

*Ped.* (*ironically*) Oh, so blooming and prudent a widow, decked out in silks, beads, laces, and gauze, needs not the advice of a simple fellow like myself.

*Mon.* Cannot I wear my fine clothes if I please?

*Ped.* Oh, to be sure! Especially when they have not seen the light these twenty years.

*Mon.* The clothes are my own, and I'll wear them.

*Ped.* Or the moths will finish their work: beside, faded silks, tarnished lace, washed gauze, and glass beads, become the *high-born* hostess of a Baron.

*Mon.* I understand your sneers, Signor, but I am proud of such a guest, and I will leave him no room to regret the wealth and magnificence he has quitted.

*Ped.* Wealth! Magnificence! Poor Baron! What evil star reduced his lordship to bury himself in this village. Of what disease did his retinue die? What necromancer spirited away his equipage? What banditti seized on his luggage? By what strange accident did his lordship come hither barefooted and without a hat to his head? Cannot you satisfy my doubts?

*Mon.* Oh, with the greatest ease!

*Ped.* Why then leave me in perplexity?

*Mon.* Think what you please.

*Ped.* But seriously, sister, is he of noble blood?

*Mon.* The most illustrious of Spain: he is feasted like a prince by all the foreign courts; the first grandees are nobody to him.

*Ped.* Only hear her!

*Mon.* He is descended, in a direct line, from some royal king, whose name I forget.

*Ped.* The king of the gipsies!

*Mon.* Talk with him, and you will find he is affable and generous.

*Ped.* My blood boils!

*Mon.* Poor gentleman, if you were to hear him relate his misfortunes!

*Ped.* Misfortunes?

*Mon.* They would melt the very stones. He was governor of Geneva, or some other place, in the *Indies*, till a good-for-nothing count, brother to some dutchess, sister-in-law to his first cousin, ruined him with his majesty.

*Ped.* Oh, the vagabond!

*Mon.* He was driven from his ancient grandeur, and forced to fly from place to place. If you did but know how respectful he is! Shows me all his letters, and, when they are written in any outlandish tongue, reads them in plain Spanish: and pure good news they bring!

*Ped.* What news?

*Mon.* Oh, the best in the world.

*Ped.* Indeed!

*Mon.* These letters tell him to go to London, or England, or some outlandish province, where the king's majesty promises to give him a fine palace and a power of money: but he is unwilling to leave Spain.

*Ped.* A probable story, truly! Why does he not instantly accept these proffered riches? Does he stay here to be discovered in some alley, and hanged for a traitor?

*Mon.* No; his last letters inform him that his affairs mend, that his innocence will soon be cleared, and his enemies confounded.

*Ped.* (*ironically*) How fortunate! But let us talk on a more interesting subject. What do you mean to do with your daughter?

*Mon.* Nothing.

*Ped.* Nothing? You intend to marry her to Leonardo?

*Mon.* Indeed I have no such intention.

*Ped.* Diabolo! Why have you thus suddenly changed?

*Mon.* Because it is my pleasure.

*Ped.* Do you wish to condemn her to celibacy?

*Mon.* She is too young to be married.

*Ped.* A rational objection truly! Too young? You forget, sister, that you were *once* young yourself——

*Mon.* I say, I am in the right.

*Ped.* A truce to contest; let us speak reason: my niece ought to marry.

*Mon.* Not a country booby.

*Ped.* Mighty well: but recollect that my wish is *hers*; that Leonardo is unexceptionable in every respect; and that if you would lay aside your foolish ambition, he has sufficient to maintain your daughter creditably in her proper sphere. I reclaim your promise: the young people love each other, and the whole village is impatient for their wedding. Your word is given, and——

*Mon.* I gave my consent, it is true; but I now retract. I am the best judge of my own affairs: do not pretend to dictate to me.

*Ped.* By no means: you must do as you please; but remember Isabella is your child: do not force her inclinations, nor flatter yourself that you can, by violence, extinguish in a day the virtuous love doubly cemented by time and reason.

*Mon.* I know what is best.

*Ped.* (*they rise*) I now take my leave.

*Mon.* Adieu.

*Ped.* (*going*) What a head! I will go and count the money: your servant will aid me. I shall soon return. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Enter* BARON.

*Bar.* Good afternoon, Signora.

*Mon.* (*curtseying*) My lord, I am your most obedient humble servant.

*Bar.* You have a long siesta to-day?

*Mon.* Oh no, I have been knitting this hour: my alcove is small, and the heat is so intolerable——

*Bar.* Very true. You want proper summer apartments: the houses here are ill built. Did you reside long at Madrid?

*Mon.* Scarcely a month.

*Bar.* (*walking to and fro*) Perhaps then you may have seen my palace?

*Mon.* Where does it stand?

*Bar.* A magnificent building!

*Mon.* In what street?

*Bar.* I have some thoughts of pulling it down on my return.

*Mon.* Why?

*Bar.* To rebuild it in the modern taste.

*Mon.* That were a pity.

*Bar.* Why, the marble, porphyry, gilding, crystal, and other necessary materials, will cost at least three millions—— No, I will content myself with making improvements and alterations.

*Mon.* But where does it stand?

*Bar.* I intend to reduce it in size, and alter it according to the plans I have received from Antwerp. A circular open colonnading, with statues, sphinx, and gilt spikes; handsome facade, magnificent staircase, portico and Egyptian peristyle—extensive gardens, with arbors, cascades, grottos, labyrinths, altars, monuments, statues, temples, ruins, in short, every embellishment art and nature can bestow—an artificial mount that commands a view of the whole garden, with an observatory built of Florence marble, crystal windows, and a terrace planted with the Peru orange-tree.

*Mon.* Holy Virgin! What magnificence!

*Bar.* Honor me with your company, and you shall be treated like a queen. My palace, gardens, sherbet, parrots, table, carriages with Chinese springs, all, all are at your service.

*Mon.* Your lordship's goodness confounds me.

*Bar.* It is not equal to your deserts: you were the Iris who brought me consolation in adversity: it is but just I should return friendship so disinterested—But, as all reserve between us would be absurd, pray tell me, do you know that youth who is continually passing before our windows, and lurking about the house?

*Mon.* My lord——

*Bar.* Last night, late in the evening, I heard a guittar under the window (perhaps you were asleep) which accompanied a Moorish romance, of a lover who complains of his mistress, and of being discarded for a new gallant. Cannot you explain what this meant?

*Mon.* Yes, my lord. (*aside*) Holy Virgin! I am ruined, should he suspect any thing.

*Bar.* May I not hope you will satisfy me on this point?

*Mon.* Oh, certainly, my lord, certainly. The youth is of our town.

*Bar.* A native of Yllescas?

*Mon.* Yes, my lord, just come from Toledo: but my daughter, I say——no my lord—I say—my daughter——

*Bar.* I understand you.

*Mon.* He is beneath your lordship's notice: an impertinent, troublesome—— but leave him to me! He shall never set foot in these doors again.

*Bar.* By no means, provided the charming Isabella do not love him.

*Mon.* She love him? No, my lord, she knows better. Does not your lordship say she deserves a marquis?

*Bar.* A marquis? Ay, a duke, Donna Monica. She is lovely and amiable: I take an interest, a tender interest, in her happiness. I cannot yet explain myself more openly; but the day of your good fortune —of mine is not far distant. (*kisses her hand respectfully, then retires.*)

*Mon.* (*walking in agitation*) He is certainly dying for Isabella: oh, the case is clear—As for that impertinent jack-anapes, Leonardo, he will be cunning if he outwits me. How fortunate! Who would have thought it two months ago! Then the fine Madams and Signoras, forsooth, turned up their nose at a body; now it will be my turn. Vain moppets, they will die of vexation. Fermina!

*Fer.* (*without*) Signora!

*Mon.* Where is Isabella?

SCENE VII.—*Enter* FERMINA.

*Fer.* In the dining-room.

*Mon.* Alone!

*Fer.* Not a soul with her.

*Mon.* What is she doing?

*Fer.* Walking to and fro in the chamber: sometimes resting herself; now taking the netting, now throwing it aside; crying one moment, raving the next.

*Mon.* What ails the girl?

*Fer.* She is unhappy.

*Mon.* But why?

*Fer.* Oh, youthful wishes; I know not what.

*Mon.* Then you cannot tell me the cause of her uneasiness?

*Fer.* Oh, yes.

*Mon.* Speak, then. Are you tongue-tied?

*Fer.* Promise, Signora, to listen with good humor.

*Mon.* Do not exhaust my patience.

*Fer.* If you should hear something that does not please you, do not blame me.

*Mon.* Speak, I say.

*Fer.* Nor fancy what is not——

*Mon.* Will you speak?

*Fer.* And make me pay for the sins of others.

*Mon.* Have you done?

*Fer.* Since I have your permission, Signora, it is love which torments her: and, if I may be explicit, you are the cause of her affliction.

*Mon.* I?

*Fer.* Yes, Signora. Signor Leonardo——

*Mon.* I forbid you to mention his name.

*Fer.* Angry or pleased, I must speak the truth, Signora. The young Leonardo, whom you loved from a boy, though now you are his enemy, was the son of your friend: he fell in love with my young mistress; nothing more natural: he is handsome, well educated, and agreeable: are these qualifications that can be seen with indifference? are we more insensible than the stones? I say that——

*Mon.* Silence!

*Fer.* I can be silent; but you cannot prevent others from talking.

*Mon.* What would you say?

*Fer.* Nothing.

*Mon.* I do not like mystery.

*Fer.* As there are many evil tongues, people do not scruple o say—— But I don't like to be a tale-bearer.

*Mon.* What do they say?

*Fer.* This morning, going past the church, I met a person of your acquaintance, who shall be nameless; he called me, and accused me of slyness.

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter* PASQUAL, *with a small Packet in his Hand.*

*Mon.* What do you want? How often must you be told to stay till you are called? Do you hear me?

*Pas.* (*going toward the door*) Yes, Signora.

*Mon.* The farm-yard is your place.

*Pas.* (*sulkily*) Yes, Signora.

*Mon.* Take care not to interrupt me again when I am engaged.

*Pas.* (*sulkily*) Yes, Signora.

*Mon.* You have no manners.

*Pas.* I am sure, Signora, I am——

*Mon.* Silence, booby! What is that in your hand?

*Pas.* A small parcel.

*Mon.* A parcel?

*Pas.* Yes. (*goes to the door.*)

*Mon.* But for whom? (*to* Fermina) Call him back, stupidity. (Pasqual *returns*) What parcel?

*Pas.* A paper parcel.

*Mon.* Let me see.

*Pas.* I am going as you ordered, Signora, to keep the pigs and the poultry company.

*Mon.* I shall lose all patience! Did not my brother give it you?

*Pas.* Yes, Signora.

*Mon.* (*snatching the parcel*) What does the fool wait for? Be gone!

*Pas.* (*half aside, going*) A body can never give satisfaction.

*Mon.* What are you muttering?

*Pas.* (*aside*) It is hard always to be snubbed and huffed.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE IX.

*Mon.* Proceed, Fermina.

*Fer.* He then asked me when the Baron was to marry Miss Isabella? "Lord, Signor, I know nothing about the matter," said I——"That excuse may pass with fools," replied he; "but I can see as far as another. You were silent, because you knew that your mistress was about to make herself the jest of the whole village. Every one knows she intends to sacrifice her daughter to her avarice and ambition. Is she mad? *She* intermarry with counts and princes? Have not her fathers and forefathers, from generation to generation, been honest farmers? Why does not she marry Isabella to a worthy man of her own condition, who could maintain her creditably? Virtue is more honorable than riches or rank: but no, truly, she must marry

her to a fellow whom nobody knows. Impostor! *He* a baron! as much as I am an ambassador. The beggarly knave! He came here in tatters, and does not blush to publicly appear in your late master's best clothes. Ah, that master of yours was much to be pitied! Poor man! If he could rise from the grave, and witness the disorder that has crept into his family, he would go mad. No; it was not the gout that killed him, but that cursed woman, who was his torment upon earth: ridiculous, silly, affected, crabbed, and old."

*Mon.* Enough. (*walking in agitation*) Let them say what they will, it is all envy.

*Fer.* (*aloud*) Oh, nothing more. (*aside*) - I have had a miraculous escape!

*Mon.* I shall act as I think proper.

*Fer.* No doubt.

*Mon.* Pretend to govern me indeed!

*Fer.* Insolence unparalleled!

*Mon.* But they will repent: the day of triumph is not far off; I intend to quit this vile place for good and all.

*Fer.* Indeed? A prudent resolution, Signora! But where shall we go?

*Mon.* Your brain is very dull: where should we go but to Madrid?

*Fer.* That is charming. To Madrid? Are you serious, Signora? To Madrid? With the Baron?

*Mon.* With the Baron!

*Fer.* How pleased my young mistress will be! How fortunate we are! To Madrid? (*aside*) Poor Isabella, your doom is sealed! (*aloud*) The Baron, Signora?

*Mon.* Leave us, and send the gowns, as I desired you, to be made. [*Exit* Fermina.

## SCENE X.

*Re-enter the* BARON, *with Letters in his Hand, pensive and thoughtful*

*Mon.* I am happy to see your lordship so soon returned. You have received letters of importance, no doubt!—You are silent—Ah, Baron!

*Bar.* The most fortunate events are not unmixed with vexation. The person whom, as I told you, I send backward and forward to Madrid for my letters, is arrived.

*Mon.* Indeed! I hope he brings your lordship good news?

*Bar.* (*presenting a letter*) Here is a letter from my sister; will you read it?

*Mon.* (*reads aloud*) "Dear Brother, I have received your last; and the diamond ring you sent on the part of that friendly lady, to whom I beg you will present my kindest respects, and assure her that, if I do not at present transmit a memorial of my regard, it is because I deem gifts, however precious, inadequate to the sense I have of her generous conduct, and the

cordial affection I bear her. Our cousin, the Archbishop of Adrianople, has written from Cacabellos, and will in a few days return to his diocese. The Constable, and his brother-in-law the Marquis, desire their affectionate congratulations. You may imagine our joy at hearing that your innocence was cleared and your enemies punished. The king is impatient to see you; your friends and relations are no less so; and none more than your affectionate sister,

"*The Viscountess de* MOSTAGAN."

Holy Virgin, how fortunate! I humbly congratulate your lordship. Heaven and the Saints be praised!

*Bar.* Ah, Signora!

*Mon.* What is it afflicts your lordship on such a happy day?

*Bar.* The most fatal of afflictions to me. (*presents another letter*) This letter contains my sentence of death.

*Mon.* (*reads aloud*) "At length, dear Nephew, your affairs are settled as we could desire: yesterday the king publicly declared your innocence, the memorials against you were destroyed, and the Count *de la Peninsula*, your accuser, sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, in the castle of the Seven Towers. I am hastening the preparations for your journey: your servants and carriages will soon be on the road. I hope you have not forgotten the projected alliance with Donna Violante *de Quincozco*, the daughter of the Marquis *de Utrique*, captain-general of the Philippine Islands and Patagonian Coast: all obstacles are now removed. The Chevalier *Wolf von Remestein*, a general in the emperor's service who is now at Madrid on his return from the baths of *Trillo*, will give the bride away, and is very anxious for an event so desirable to both families. Accept my sincere congratulations, and rely on the friendship of your affectionate uncle, "*The Prince of* SYRACUSE."

It appears, then, my Lord——?

*Bar.* (*taking the letter, and putting it up with other papers*) You see how lightly such an important affair is treated by men of rank. Because she has five towns and fourteen villages to her portion, because she can add two eagles, seven griffins, and nine serpents, to my silver castles and black quarters, I am to lose my freedom.—If I could determine—— And why not? Let my uncle and the seneschal think as they please, my choice is free. But how to extricate myself is the question, in a wretched village, where I have neither friends nor credit! I fear there is no remedy! Were I at Madrid, I could draw on the bank of Smyrna or Philadelphia for ten thousand rix dollars, and then——

*Mon.* (*eagerly*) What then, my Lord?

*Bar.* I should give them the slip, arrange my affairs, and hasten to *Montepino*, which is only seventeen leagues from hence, and my confessor should join our hands in my private chapel.

*Mon.* Who does your lordship mean?

*Bar.* Do not you divine the object of my love? Your fair daughter.

*Mon.* My Lord!

*Bar.* For her sake I despise the richest gifts of fortune.

*Mon.* Suffer me to—(*going to throw herself at the* Baron's *feet*)

*Bar.* (*preventing her*) Signora!

*Mon.* Joy, surprise, and gratitude, overpower me! Blessed event!

*Bar.* Be not surprised at the violence of my passion. Such is the empire of innocence and beauty. But is Isabella conscious of the conquest her eyes have made? Does she——

*Mon.* Oh, my lord, the girl is no fool; and, though I have only occasionally hinted at your lordship's attachment, I warrant she can see as far as another.

*Bar.* But what says Don Pedro? Is he acquainted with our designs?

*Mon.* He, at least, shrewdly suspects us: the man is little better than a Hottentot, or some such savage Turk: every body truly are fools to *him!* We never meet but we quarrel, and he seldom comes into my apartments.

*Bar.* He is your brother, and we ought not to proceed without consulting him: a gentleman never forgets what is due to himself and others: I remember talking on this subject: you said he was fond of his niece, and proposed to give her—— I forget the sum mentioned.

*Mon.* He can give her a good fortune, but I doubt his consenting to the match.

*Bar.* Doubt his consent?

*Mon.* He is a great churl.

*Bar.* Amazing! Can he be averse when Isabella is willing? You make no objection, and I will honor her with my hand.

*Mon.* Signor, do not be angry; he is a strange man.

*Bar.* No matter; he must be informed.

*Mon.* It will be useless.

*Bar.* I must speak to him myself.

*Mon.* As your lordship pleases; but he is obstinate as a mule.

*Bar.* If we suffer our fears to conquer, what is to be done? If once my equipage and my cousin the archduke arrive, there will be no remedy; I shall be dragged to court. And Isabella, my love?—When a nobleman is without ready cash, he is in a deplorable condition! Cursed money!

*Mon.* I am ashamed to offer your lordship such a trifle; but if a hundred doubloons will suffice——

*Bar.* (*taking the parcel*) You are vastly obliging. All in gold too! Excellent! I will go, as I can, on a mule——and desire my majordomo to bring a close carriage, and wait in the hermitage till every body is asleep: you and Isabella then

will be prepared for flight, and in a few hours we shall reach *Montepino:* there a slight collation will revive us, my confessor will bestow the nuptial benediction, and, before we sleep, I shall call you mother.

*Mon.* But, my lord——

*Bar.* What disturbs you?

*Mon. Nothing.* (*aside*) Do I dream?

*Bar.* Prepare for our journey, my good lady; I shall not be idle: adieu.

*Mon.* Yes, my lord. (*going, aside*) I am beside myself with joy! I tremble every limb.

## SCENE XI.

*Bar.* (*walking*) I am weary of lying. Whatever the silly mother says, I must see her brother. If he will give the girl a portion, let him do it at once, for I have no time to lose.—I will make sure of the cash, then adieu to Yllescas; adieu, ye silly dupes. I shall never trouble you more. Yes, this last manœuvre must be tried——But I do not like the lover, who is prowling about the house.

## SCENE XII.

*Enter* FERMINA *with several Gowns, which she lays on a Chair.*

*Fer.* (*calling*) Pasqual!

*Bar.* Heyday! What have we here? (*looking at the gowns.*)

*Fer.* Some old silk gowns of my mistress, which are to be scowered, cleaned, altered, trimmed, and cut to the fashion, so as to pass for new——and truly she thought to give me the job! A pretty vagary! As if there were no mantua-makers!

*Bar.* Poor Fermina!

*Fer.* (*calls*) Pasqual! Ha! He is in the cow-house, studying the Knights of the Round Table. Why Pasqual!

*Bar.* I will tell him to come.

*Fer.* No, Signor, I cannot give you that trouble.

*Bar.* I am going that way. (*going.*)

*Fer.* Thank you, Signor.

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter* PASQUAL: *the* BARON, *meeting him at the Door, returns.*

*Bar.* Pasqual, do you think I can speak with Don Pedro this evening?

*Pas.* Why, Signor, he goes to bed immediately after supper, and sometimes sups early, sometimes late, so I think that will be the best time.

*Bar.* You do?

*Pas.* He is now gone out; but if he were here you might see him now.

*Bar.* Might I?

*Pas.* Oh, to a certainty.

*Bar.* Thank you. (*going*) Booby! [*Exit.*

*Pas.* (*to* Fermina) Did you call me?

*Fer.* Yes: run immediately to the mantua-maker's.

*Pas.* Yes. (*going.*)

*Fer.* Stay, numscull! you are going without your message.

*Pas.* Because you are always calling me stupid, though I've as much wit as my neighbours!

*Fer.* The woman must come directly to my mistress: do you hear?

*Pas.* Yes.

*Fer.* Run then. [*Exit* Pasqual.

SCENE XIV.—*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Is.* Fermina, Leonardo is coming. I saw him from the lattice. I wish to speak with him; perhaps for the last time: my mother is at her devotions: you, Fermina, will do me the kindness to watch on the stairs, that we may not be surprised: will you oblige me?——I hear him. Go, dear Fermina.

*Fer.* You may rely on me, Signora. [*Exit.*

SCENE XV.—*Enter* LEONARDO.

*Leo.* Isabella!

*Is.* Oh, Leonardo! Who could foresee this change!

*Leo.* I left you tender and constant. I little thought so short an absence would be my ruin.

*Is.* Fatal absence!

*Leo.* I come to know my doom: dispel the cruel doubts that torment me: oh, say they are groundless; that I may flatter myself these precious tears flow from affection.

*Is.* Leonardo, your doubts are injurious: but this is not a time for complaint. My faith cannot waver. I ever have loved you; God knows the violence I do myself in making this confession; I ever shall love you—and to be torn from you——

*Leo.* How? Have you no confidence in my efforts?

*Is.* My fears, alas, are now too cruelly confirmed: my mother will not hear your name, nor suffer your visits: the servants are ordered to deny you admittance, and she has just now put the finishing stroke to my misfortunes! Wretched Isabella!

*Leo.* Banish fear.

*Is.* Every thing is preparing for our departure from this village: my mother is not herself: she is the dupe of an impostor: there is no hope!

*Leo.* Your grief blinds you, dearest Isabella. Can you be

made wretched while I have life? Do not weep, or you will make a coward of me. I will see your mother, and, if passion be eloquent, I shall move her to pity. Since you still love me, courage and invention will not fail me.

*Is.* You are determined, then, to speak with her?

*Leo.* I am.

*Is.* What can you say to make her relent?

*Leo.* That if she think to bestow your hand on a miserable impostor, and break the repeated promises she made, she will find it a more difficult task than she imagines. I will assert my claims; tell her that vengeance awaits the barbarian who would tear two hearts devoted to each other asunder; that your hand must be the recompence of superior valor; and that I will lose every drop of blood in my veins, sooner than see you sacrificed to a wretch you abhor.

*Is.* Must you proceed to these extremities?

*Leo.* Or lose the reward of an attachment so constant, and hopes so ecstatic. But I'll not delay a moment. Adieu. Fortitude and courage can alone save us. I fly to your mother.

*Is.* The attempt will be vain; you will only irritate, not convince her.

*Leo.* She will yield.

*Is.* You little know her obstinacy.

*Leo.* If this fail, other means more efficacious remain.

*Is.* Cruel! Sanguinary!

*Leo.* Those who love like me will not be arrested by coward fears. You are dearer to me, sweet Isabella, than my existence! (*kisses her hand tenderly.*)

*Is.* Leonardo! Beloved of my heart! I know not what to advise. Act as you think proper. You alone can judge what is best: I can only weep and pray for your success. Farewell! Heaven will take pity on our woes!

*Leo.* Fortune always befriends the daring. [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT II.

*The Scene continues.*

## SCENE I.

*The* BARON *sitting at a Table, on which there are two Lights.*

*Baron.*

THIS Don Pedro is a very provoking personage; when his company could be dispensed with, he stays in the house all the evening; now that he is wanted, he keeps away. If he

will but give the girl a few thousands!—If he fall into the snare, it must be owned he is an ass.

## SCENE II.

*Enter* LEONARDO, *who does not at first perceive the* BARON.

*Leo.* What a woman! How weak! How obstinate! How insensible! (*seeing the* Baron) Ha!

*Bar.* (*aside, and frightened*) What brings this fierce looking fellow here?

*Leo.* Signor Baron!

*Bar.* (*rising*) What is your pleasure?

*Leo.* Only two words.

*Bar.* Twenty, Signor, if you please; but pray be seated.

*Leo.* No, no, I am very well as I am. Do you know me?

*Bar.* I have not that honor; but your appearance denotes a gentleman, so pray be seated.

*Leo.* I tell you, no.

*Bar.* As you please.

*Leo.* My name is Leonardo: I am a native of this village, and the lover of——

*Bar.* Who, Signor?

*Leo.* Isabella.

*Bar.* (*alarmed*) Indeed!

*Leo.* I love the maiden, and will protect her against tyranny. You are her aversion; and, though her mother is infatuated and you are a lord or a rogue, no matter which, neither she nor I are obliged to submit tamely to injury. Isabella loves me. We cannot both marry the girl, Signor; a cavalier of your quality must be indignant that a *plebeian* should dare oppose his wishes: therefore I shall expect you at midnight in the field hard by; where we can decide the contest.

*Bar.* What folly! Signor, I have no wish to kill you.

*Leo.* (*ironically*) Many thanks, Signor; but I am determined to kill you.

*Bar.* Determined? At midnight, you say?

*Leo.* Without fail.

*Bar.* In the adjoining field?

*Leo.* Yes; but, if you like, I will wait for you in the market-place, and we will go together.

*Bar.* By no means: I will go alone. I really pity you—Diavolo! A man of your figure risk his life for a silly girl!

*Leo.* Do not afflict yourself!

*Bar.* So young too!

*Leo.* I am old enough to despise death.

*Bar.* Have you a mother?

*Leo.* And sisters.—Pray, Signor, is it compassion or cowardice that makes you so loath to meet me?

*Bar.* Cowardice!

*Leo.* The thing is not impossible.

*Bar.* (*rising with impetuosity*) Insulting supposition!

*Leo.* Do you feel the insult? I hope then to see you, Signor Baron.

*Bar.* Without fail.

*Leo.* At midnight?

*Bar.* I would not be in your place! At midnight.

*Leo.* Farewell! (*going.*)

*Bar.* Adieu.

*Leo.* (*returns*) I must further inform you, in gratitude for your compassion, that if you disappoint me you will repent: for whether I find you alone or in company, at home or at mass, I will tear your coward soul from your body. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Bar.* (*walking to and fro*) I am in a pretty situation! *I* meet such a desperate fellow! *I* fight him!—Yes, I will go; but where he shall not find me. The air of Yllescas is unwholesome. Afraid? Oh, no!—He read on my countenance that my temper was forbearing. I am no cut throat; but I am loath to decamp till I have fingered the old fellow's ducats. No, no; that must not be. How should I be known here more than at *Triana?* (*looking at his watch*) Eight o'clock! This Leonardo is the prince of desperadoes! If I do not meet him, he will perhaps put his threats into execution! What shall I do? But hush: here comes another.

## SCENE IV.—*Enter* Don Pedro.

*Bar.* I am sorry, Signor, you have had the trouble to seek me; had I known you were in the house, I would have gone to your apartments.

*Ped.* You may spare your compliments: I came to speak with my sister concerning a report I have just heard—By St. Jago, it makes my bile rise to see people so impudent, lying, and meddlesome!

*Bar.* But what is the report, Signor?

*Ped.* Trifling in itself; but its consequences may be serious. My sister is thoughtless: she has a marriageable daughter, who is mild, prudent, and virtuous; but the girl's reputation suffers for her mother's folly and obstinacy.

*Bar.* Donna Isabella is a model of beauty and grace; it were a thousand pities that her charms should be buried in an obscure village, and exposed to the rude intercourse of peasants. There are people who could raise her to a higher sphere, and repair the injustice of fortune.

*Ped.* (*laughing*) Absurd! No, Signor, she is not unfortunate; neither is her condition so obscure as to make her elevation desirable. The young women of this village marry

well. I grant we have no fops powdered and perfumed, who lead a life of idleness, introducing frivolity and corruption of manners: but our youths are wealthy, industrious, and well behaved: they treat the sex with proper respect: they are strangers to the luxury of fashion, but their dress is modest and becoming: they are not made pedants, but they are taught to govern their families, manage their affairs, and be agreeable. Such has been the education of my niece; and her wishes are confined to her native village. She loves, and is beloved by, a worthy youth: I approve her choice; and hope in less than a fortnight to dance at her wedding.

*Bar.* I admire your manner of thinking, Signor.

*Ped.* (*mocking the pompous and grave manner of the* Baron) And, I am amazed at yours, Signor Baron. You would have Isabella become a viscountess or duchess?

*Bar.* I wish her happiness.

*Ped.* Then renounce all pretensions to her.

*Bar.* But if she can better her fortune?

*Ped.* Better it? Impossible! To marry the man of her heart, and live in her village, is the height of her ambition.

*Bar.* Surely her mother ought to be consulted in such a case?

*Ped.* Her mother is a simple villager, who knows as much of the world as the new-born infant: but no matter. It will be no difficult task to open her eyes; in despite of her infatuation, those who deceive her will be unmasked before morning.

*Bar.* Who is so audacious?

*Ped.* There are vagabonds, who live by flattery and lying.

*Bar.* You surprise me!

*Ped.* Yes, Signor; but efficacious measures will be taken, and——

*Bar.* What then has happened?

*Ped.* Oh, nothing to signify; an impostor, whom nobody knows, flatters, deceives, and plunders my sister, introduces enmity in the family, and causes a thousand vexations—but the knave will either decamp to-night, or have his bones broken to-morrow.

*Bar.* (*disturbed*) Indeed!—then—Excuse me, Signor Don Pedro; I have letters to write. I only wished to see you for the pleasure of your company, and——

*Ped.* Well, here I am.

*Bar.* I have the highest veneration for your prudence, and, if you will accept my services, will contribute, as far as lies in my power, to the success of your plans.

*Ped.* You will do well.

*Bar.* I have a great regard for you, Signor; every time I look at you, I think of my great grandfather, Perez Nunnez de Vargas: you are the living image of his portrait, which hangs up in the marble saloon of my palace.

*Ped.* Compliments are unnecessary.

*Bar.* (*looking at* Don Pedro) Yes: I recognize his agreeable smile, arched eye-brow, aquiline nose, ruddy complexion——

*Ped.* How unfortunate! Who would think that——

*Bar.* How?

*Ped.* I say, who would think there could exist any resemblance between a cavalier of his quality and a poor rustic like myself?

*Bar.* You may believe me.

*Ped.* No doubt!

*Bar.* I gave ten thousand crowns to my cousin, the duke of—— for the picture: a trifle!

*Ped.* Without the frame?

*Bar.* Without the frame.

*Ped.* It was, no doubt, costly?

*Bar.* The richest that Italy could afford.

*Ped.* Good evening.

*Bar.* Adieu, Signor. You may depend on my zeal to serve you, and——

*Ped.* I do, Signor Baron.

*Bar.* (*aside*) The old fellow is a compound of ill-nature and impertinence. [*Exit with a light through a side door.*

SCENE V.—Don Pedro: *soon after* Isabella.

*Ped.* The *illustrious* descendant of Perez Nunnez is an egregious coward; what a braggart! And what——

*Is.* (*entering*) Signor!

*Ped.* Isabella, my dear! what is the matter?—Why so melancholy?

*Is.* Can I be otherwise? My mother is deaf to reason, and insensible to our misery. Leonardo, by seeking to move, has only irritated her.

*Ped.* I know it. Youth is rash, and wants the moderation which experience teaches. Leonardo, no doubt, was unguarded in his expressions: when the passions are afloat, the tongue lacks discretion.

*Is.* That was my fear; but he would see her.

*Ped.* It is useless to grieve; the misfortune was inevitable.

*Is.* But a greater awaits me. Leonardo intends to challenge the Baron.—If he should fall?—or should he return with blood on his head, how horrible would be the victory!

*Ped.* Fear nothing, dear Isabella; I take a part in this comedy: our *illustrious* guest is no friend to fighting: Leonardo has challenged the Baron to meet him in the adjoining field at midnight: under other circumstances the step would be rash, but we know our man; we shall oblige him either to fly, or to

own himself an impostor. Confide in my prudence, dear child.

*Is.* You are my only support.

*Ped.* The knavish plans of our enemy shall be defeated, and thy mother convinced of her blind folly. Take courage, my dear child: thou knowest I have always been thy protector and friend; when thou wert a child, thou calledst me thy second papa, and thou hast ever been my pride and consolation. I will now replace the excellent father thou hast lost, and secure thy happiness.

*Is.* Oh, Signor!

*Ped.* Calm thyself!

*Is.* (*carsesing her uncle*) These are tears of hope and affection!

*Ped.* Thou art a sweet girl! Come to my heart.

*Is.* Dear father! (*falling on his neck.*)

*Ped.* My child!

*Is.* Do you love me?

*Ped.* Vain question! Do not my eyes overflow? But here comes thy mother!

*Is.* I fear her not, since you will be my friend and protector.

SCENE VI.—*Enter* MADONNA MONICA.

*Mon.* So so! Both in consultation! No doubt on business of importance! (*to* Isabella) How many times must you be told to keep in your chamber?

*Is.* I came to——

*Mon.* No replies, Signorina.

*Is.* Indeed, Signora——

*Mon* Go. (Isabella *makes a curtsey and retires*) You spoil the girl; you make a fool of her.

*Ped.* I, woman?

*Mon.* Yes, you. What were you preaching to her?

*Ped.* Patience.

*Mon.* You came to fill her head with whims, and teach her disobedience.

*Ped.* No; I came because it is publicly reported you intend to marry her to the Baron. I have been overwhelmed with questions I could not answer. It is very strange that I should be the last informed of an affair which so nearly concerns me.

*Mon.* Time will show whether the report be true or false.

*Ped.* But you know not the ridicule they cast upon you, and the rage I felt; who can endure to hear a sister treated with disrespect? I must tell you freely, that the girl's speedy marriage can only silence these injurious reports.

*Mon.* It shall be speedy.

*Ped.* Let this baron, or demon, who breeds this confusion, quit the house.

*Mon.* As soon as he wishes to go.

*Ped.* But if he do *not* wish it?

*Mon.* Then I cannot have the assurance to drive him out of my house. What, offer such an insult to a nobleman of his rank, who has overwhelmed me with attentions! You are very learned, to be sure; but you understand nothing of genteel breeding!

*Ped.* I find I have not been misinformed.

*Mon.* In what?

*Ped.* That you are really and truly persuaded the Baron will be your son-in-law. Inconceivable delusion! Cursed vanity! It drives me mad. A man whose family, as he says, is as ancient as Abraham, the cousin of dukes and princes, the descendant of kings, marry *your* daughter! Absurd!

*Mon.* Absurd indeed! You think it then a crime to seize a good offer? Is he the first nobleman who will have married beneath his rank? Who is ignorant of the force of love?

*Ped.* Love! Woman, are you lunatic? Where is this romantic love to be found? In comedies, there, I grant you, princes come disguised as shepherds, and fall in love with some village lass; after suffering jealousy, and all the woes of romance, the lovers are married; and the shepherdess proves to be the daughter of some monarch: but these miraculous adventures never happen in real life.

*Mon.* No?

*Ped.* Never! If a nobleman court a young girl of low birth and little fortune, however good her education or great her beauty, it is with no good design. No, Signora, men of rank do not choose a wife for a pretty face: noble birth and interest form the basis of their marriages: a figure too little in the calculation annuls the contract: the bride may be old or ugly, loved or hated, known or unknown to the bridegroom: if she have but rank and fortune, that is sufficient. Such are the marriages of the great.

*Mon.* I am not obliged to believe all you tell me: if you disapprove my way of thinking, leave me in peace, and do not fill the girl's head with nonsense. I am the proper person to govern her; she is my child, and nothing can equal a mother's love.

*Ped.* It is this love, no doubt, that makes you willing to bestow her on a beggarly vagabond, of whom you know nothing! Such a match is very desirable. Cannot you see that he is an impostor?

*Mon.* No; nothing you can say can alter my good opinion.

*Ped.* Well, granting he were a great lord, the familiar of princes and kings, and that he quitted this village to go to court, would you make him your son-in-law?

*Mon.* Should you object to give him your niece?

*Ped.* Yes.

*Mon.* One may see you are not her mother; your obstinacy is ridiculous.

*Ped.* Look you, sister, it is in vain to think to deceive me: it is not your vaunted affection for the girl that makes you anxious for this marriage; it is the wish to be a fine lady. You have always sighed after grandeur, and been the declared enemy of all who had more money and finer clothes than yourself. You bite your lips with envy to see the best place in the church occupied by your superiors; and, to revenge your past humiliation, you are capable not only of sacrificing your daughter to a worthless fellow, but of tying yourself to a halter.

*Mon.* I?

*Ped.* You! Is not your head filled with notions of imaginary grandeur? Do not you sigh for the happy time when you shall be called "Your Excellency?" Is not plain *Signora* grating to your ears? Are not you building castles in the air? laying plans of future greatness? Carriages, plays, operas, balls, masquerades, fashions, jewels, grand dinners, elegant assemblies, servants, flatterers, pride, prodigality, meanness, and poverty, so jumbled, that one cannot tell which predominates? Depravity tolerated under the mask of politeness, blunt honesty rejected with contempt, and folly received with open arms! Is not this your plan? Is not this the *fortunate* destiny that you would impose on my unhappy niece? And you dare call mad ambition and accursed vanity maternal love?

*Mon.* Once more, will you leave me at peace?

*Ped.* Are you aware of the ill you are preparing for yourself? That inordinate ambition is fatal to our peace? And that happiness cannot exist independent of virtue?

*Mon.* Man, do not drive me mad!

## SCENE VII.

*Enter the* BARON *with a Light, which he places on the Table.*

*Bar.* Suffer me a moment to interrupt your conversation?

*Mon.* It was of no importance, and even if it were——

*Bar.* I am happy to find you together. I was before undecided; but it is better at once to relieve myself from the anxiety that oppresses me, and come to an explanation. I shall be careful to observe the decorum which a gentleman never forgets. You are, no doubt, acquainted, Signor Don Pedro, with the misfortune that forced me to abandon my friends and country. A proscribed fugitive, I was forced to disguise my rank and conceal myself in various parts. When I came to this village, a ray of hope beamed on the cloudy horizon of my fortune: I chose this retreat for its vicinity to the court: your sister honored me with her notice: I related my history, she heard me with compassion, generously

made me her guest, and overwhelmed me with unmerited attentions. Isabella——who could know without loving her? Do not take offence. I have little more to say, and you will patiently listen to a man who addresses you for the last time. I loved the fair Isabella; and, though her mother was silent on the subject, asked her hand, in the firm persuasion that I did you no injury: but I find a thousand calumnies are raised against me in the village. A person, who calls himself my rival, keeps centinel at your door, and insults me: my character is called in question, and——

*Ped.* To whom is this addressed?

*Bar.* To nobody! The illustrious descendant of kings cannot brook injuries so accumulated. A line sent to court would bring my enemies to shame; but I am not revengeful. The king is impatient to see me, and I shall depart as soon as my equipage arrives: but, in the interim, I will not intrude on your hospitality. For the little time I expect to remain in the village, I shall return to the inn: I give you my word that I will quit your house as soon as it is light, and, should accident detain me for months in this place, I will never more set foot in it, since it is a crime to love your niece. I wished to make her happy; you desire her misery; that is sufficient.

*Mon.* Heavens! Surely——

*Bar.* Do not afflict yourself.

*Mon.* I shall sink! Let people say what they will, Signor Baron, I am innocent of their malice—my daughter is obedient to my will. Holy Virgin, can it be! And you, brother, have you nothing to say?

*Ped.* Oh, yes. The resolution of the Baron is prudent; I take him at his word: if he keep it, we are all his debtors. But it grows late.

*Mon.* What ignorance and obstinacy! I own, Signor Baron, my brother is a ridiculous foolish person, but what have I done——?

*Ped.* Console her, Signor Baron!

*Bar.* Bear your disappointment with dignity, Signora.

*Mon.* Was ever woman so unfortunate!

*Bar.* I am the victim of circumstances! My honor is even dearer to me than Isabella.

*Ped.* (*aside*) Our plan has succeeded. (*aloud*) Good bye, sister, sleep and forget all your troubles. Adieu, Signor Baron: you remember to-morrow, as soon as it is daylight?

*Bar.* Yes.

*Ped.* You will return to the inn?

*Bar.* I have already signified my intentions.

*Ped.* And will not set foot here again?

*Bar.* No.

*Ped.* But quit the place as soon as your servants and equipage arrive?

*Bar.* I have promised.

*Ped.* (*aside, going*) So far it is well; but I am not the dupe of his fair speeches. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Mon.* My brain is bewildered! What does all this mean, dear Baron?

*Bar.* That I will, by an innocent artifice, disappoint the envy, hatred, and malice of my enemies.

*Mon.* (*joyfully*) How?

*Bar.* I have dissembled. Fear nothing, I will keep my word.

*Mon.* My heart sunk within me! My blood ran cold!

*Bar.* I believe you: but art must be opposed to violence.

*Mon.* You did well.

*Bar.* Caution was indispensable. I have made my arrangements. To-morrow I shall return to the inn; and in the dusk of the evening quit Yllescas: I shall take coach at Toledo, and, crossing the lake of *Nicaragua*, stop at *Parma**, the first village on my estate. To-day is Monday; on Wednesday I shall be in my castle. Thursday and Friday will be occupied in making preparations; on Saturday, at midnight, you may expect my steward with a letter: he and a faithful domestic will conduct you to the carriage: and, on Sunday, I shall reach the pinnacle of my wishes. You understand; at midnight.

*Mon.* Yes, yes; Saturday, at midnight.

*Bar.* The hope of again enjoying your amiable society lessens the regret of parting.

*Mon.* I am incapable of deceiving your lordship? I would walk the journey barefoot, rather than disappoint you, Signor Baron.

*Bar.* You may take Fermina to assist you on the journey, and pray be careful of your complexion; for, though there are Venetian blinds to the carriage, the sun is very scorching: you are delicate, and should take care of yourself.

*Mon.* I will, Signor Baron!

*Bar.* If this succeed to my wish, we shall be very fortunate. You know I am offered the hand of a rich and illustrious heiress. Her father is train-bearer to the pope, her cousin duke of *Ultonia*: the antiquity of her family cannot be surpassed; it is allied to every prince in Europe. It will be no easy matter to renounce so considerable an alliance: I must therefore write immediately to prevent my friends seeking me here: by feigning excuses I shall gain time—but you must not let a word of this escape you.

*Mon.* I will be secret as the grave, Signor.

*Bar.* Not a syllable! And when you hear to-morrow that I am gone, you must seem quite ignorant of the matter.

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* Ignorance is one great characteristic of impudent impostors.

*Mon.* Oh, do not fear, Signor.

*Bar.* You must dissemble, for the short time it will be necessary: every thing being arranged, you will follow me to Montepino, and I shall be blessed in the possession of my lovely Isabella: but not a creature must suspect our intentions, till we are beyond the reach of scandal.

*Mon.* Certainly. Not a creature, Signor Baron.

*Bar.* You are more interested in this affair than you suspect, Signora.

*Mon.* How, Signor Baron?

*Bar.* I intended to have delayed the agreeable surprise; but, as we have no secrets for each other, I will e'en tell you all. Pray, Signora, what may be your age? You are tolerably fresh and active? It is a pity you have lost your front teeth, and that your complexion is sallow.

*Mon.* Ah, Signor Baron; it is not from age, but vexation and accident——

*Bar.* No doubt. My sister, the viscountess, who is not yet two and twenty, is in the same predicament. The contradiction you have suffered has raised the bile; but change of air, and proper regimen, will restore the roses to your cheeks. Your hair, to be sure, is grey; but that defect is easily remedied, and in a week you may be led a blooming bride to the altar.

*Mon.* Who? I!—Your lordship jests—Holy Virgin! I marry again?

*Bar.* My dear Signora, widowhood is a disconsolate state, and afflicting even to youth.—Favor me with a few comfits.

*Mon.* (*presenting a little silver box*) If your lordship can take them from my poor box!

*Bar.* (*affecting a moment of reverie*) The uncle, of whom I have occasionally spoken, is a widower and childless: if he should die now, all his estates would devolve on a stranger, related to the Hospedar of Walachia; this is a vexatious circumstance.

*Mon.* Certainly: I never heard of the Hospedar nation in all my life!

*Bar.* But the most afflicting part of the story is, that the stranger is a heretic.

*Mon.* Holy Virgin! (*crossing herself*) A heretic!

*Bar.* If my uncle were to die to-morrow, you see his vast possessions would descend to that wretch, who cannot speak a word of Spanish, and who does not know a saint on the calendar.

*Mon.* Oh, the villain!

*Bar.* Who neither goes to mass, nor keeps Lent.

*Mon.* The monster!

*Bar.* These reasons have determined us, if possible, to disappoint him of the inheritance; my uncle enters into our views. We must provide him with a wife, who will present him

with two or three heirs to his large estates: that is all we require; and you are the person who will do most honor to my uncle's choice.

*Mon.* Though I assure your lordship I was far from thinking of taking a second husband, yet, to oblige you—your lordship may command my services.

*Bar.* Good.

*Mon.* I cannot express my gratitude!——

*Bar.* I will instantly write to the prince, your future spouse, who is anxiously waiting to hear your resolution.

*Mon.* Give my humble duty.

*Bar.* I shall not forget.

*Mon.* And return his highness my grateful thanks.

*Bar.* Without fail. I am now going to write all these letters; do not let me be interrupted.

*Mon.* I shall be careful to obey your lordship.

*Bar.* Because, as soon as they are finished, I shall retire to rest.

*Mon.* Without your supper?

*Bar.* I eat a hearty dinner.

*Mon.* Take a bason of soup?

*Bar.* Nothing, I thank you.

*Mon.* Or an omelet?

*Bar.* No; I have no appetite. To-morrow I shall put the letters in the post, and return to my old lodging. Good night. One embrace!

*Mon.* A thousand! (*they embrace.*)

*Bar.* Honored lady!

*Mon.* Kindest of gentlemen!

*Bar.* Adieu!—Our separation will be short!

*Mon.* (*wiping her eyes*) Oh, Signor Baron, you bring the tears into my eyes.

*Bar.* Adieu, till Sunday. (Monica *goes to light the* Baron: *he prevents her.*)

*Bar.* Signora! What condescension is this?

*Mon.* Suffer me to light you, Signor Baron.

*Bar.* I cannot.

*Mon.* But——

*Bar.* (*kissing her hand respectfully*) Are not you my honored mother! (*the* Baron *retires with a light.*)

## SCENE IX.

*Mon.* (*alone*) A thousand benedictions on his head! Poor youth! How respectful his behaviour! How unassuming! Yes, he called me his honored mother! Then his uncle the prince! If I have lost a few teeth, my gums are sound, thank God, my breath sweet, and——This marriage is to my liking. I only fear that wicked heretic of Hospedar! But if he were to outlive Methusalem, he shall never touch a marevedi! No, all shall

go to my dear children, the sons of my bosom! Little angels! They will be the pride and delight of the prince their father! Ah! I am a fortunate woman!

SCENE X.—*Enter* PASQUAL.

*Pas.* I have been, Signora, where you ordered, and said you expected him immediately.

*Mon.* Expected who?

*Pas.* The tailor, your mantua-maker*.

*Mon.* Two hours after you were sent you bring the message.

*Pas.* My mistress, said I, is waiting to see Signor Juan, and he must come directly.

*Mon.* What answer did he make?

*Pas.* Answer? Not a word.

*Mon.* Then you did not see him?

*Pas.* No, Signora.

*Mon.* Was not he at home?

*Pas.* Yes, Signora.

*Mon.* And you did not deliver my message to himself?

*Pas.* His maid did.

*Mon.* When will he come?

*Pas.* Come! Lack-a-day!

*Mon.* What has happened?

*Pas.* Oh, Signora, a sad accident. The poor tailor, this very morning, fell and broke his head climbing to a pigeon house; and he will not be able to stir abroad this month.

*Mon.* Every thing turns out for the best. Take those gowns (*pointing*) to Fermina. How you tumble them!

*Pas.* To hold them fast.

*Mon.* Aukward booby!

*Pas.* Signora——

*Mon.* Put them down. Fermina will fold them properly.

*Pas.* Yes.

*Mon.* Hark you, Pasqual, why did you open the door to Leonardo this afternoon?

*Pas.* I, Signora? Because—because—I really cannot tell.

*Mon.* See that you do not let him in another time. Do you hear?

*Pas.* Yes, Signora.

*Mon.* Let him keep away till he is wanted. Should he come again, tell him that your mistress will have nothing more to say to him, and shut the door in his face. You understand?

*Pas.* Oh, yes: I understand. This morning, when he came, I told him you were out. "It's false," said he, "I saw her at the window!" With that he walked into the house, but soon walked out of his own accord. I had no thought of his returning, and went about my work. The second time he

* Tailors, it appears, do this business in Spain: of this the translator was not at first aware.

came, he was so civil that he never said a word; so I thought no harm, and let him go up stairs.

*Mon.* Then he has been twice?

*Pas.* Yes, and would be every hour of the day; he is always lurking about the house, making signs to the Signorina at her balcony, and singing his love ditties: last night only he was playing——

*Mon.* I know it.

*Pas.* Not on the guittar: but on some other——

*Mon.* (*impatiently*) Yes, yes; I know it.

*Pas.* Some other instrument.

*Mon.* Silence! (*going, angrily*) All, all are against me! I am become the jest of these unmannered rustics; but I promise them I will take my revenge! [*Exit.*

## SCENE XI.

*Pas.* (*not seeing his mistress is gone*) He sung some couplets—they were mortal fine—and his voice—Ha! She is gone. The woman's head is turned. (*going to the chair on which the clothes lie, and taking up a dressing gown*) What a fine gown! How rich the stuff! Gown, did I say? No, it should be a negligée, by the wide sleeves and high collar! Here are materials spoiled! Women have no conscience. It is very large. I do think it would fit me! I'll try, however. (*puts on the negligée, admires himself in the glass, and walks about affecting the manners of a woman*) If this were but cut up to make me a doublet! Poor Pasqual! thou, forsooth, must wear coarse woollen! Oh, how handsome I am! (*strutting*) I am almost as fine as the lawyer's lady, who has the village at her heels whenever she stirs abroad.

## SCENE XII.—*Enter* Fermina.

*Fer.* Really, Mr. Pasqual, you have chosen a pretty amusement!

*Pas.* Diavolo! You have electrified me!

*Fer.* Off with the negligée! Quick! How aukward you are!

*Pas.* Nay, don't be angry. Pull!

*Fer.* Gently, or you will make me tear the sleeve: the thing is bewitched.

*Pas.* Keep your temper, sweetheart.

*Mon.* (*within*) Fermina!

*Fer.* Dear, dear! My mistress calls.

*Pas.* (*frightened*) If she were to catch me?

*Fer.* It would serve you right.

*Pas.* Lord, lord, it will never come off!

*Mon.* (*within*) Fermina!

*Pas.* Holy Saints! Pull, good Fermina.

*Fer.* You must straighten your arm—Ah, my mistress is coming.

*Pas.* (*frightened*) Misericordia!

*Fer.* Run! Fly!

*Pas.* But where?

*Fer.* To the garret, any where!

*Pas.* Good. (*going, returns*) But not a word to our mistress——

*Fer.* Be gone, I say!

[*Exit* Pasqual, *one arm out of the negligée, trying to disengage the other.*

SCENE XIII.—*Enter* MADONNA MONICA.

*Mon.* Are you deaf, girl? I have been calling you this half hour.

*Fer.* I was folding these gowns.

*Mon.* Make haste, and prepare supper.

*Fer.* Is it nine?

*Mon.* Very near.

*Fer.* Will you have the almond soup?

*Mon.* No: the Baron is writing letters in his chamber, and will not come down to-night.

*Fer.* What, go supperless to bed? That is a miracle indeed!

*Mon.* You must rise to-morrow with the light, to prepare his chocolate, French rolls and butter, orange wine, in short every thing he is accustomed to take in the morning.

*Fer.* Very well.

*Mon.* Burn a lamp; for when you are in the dark you are as helpless as a baby.

*Fer.* What, is the Baron going a journey? Had he not better take an omelet, or a slice of ham, or——

*Mon.* He is not going out of the village.

*Fer.* (*aside*) How unfortunate! (*aloud*) He will return here then?

*Mon.* No.

*Fer.* Then why——

*Mon.* Your questions are impertinent. Put away these things, get supper, and leave me at peace. (*a dog barks*) What noise is that?

*Fer.* It is Sultan barking.

*Mon.* That booby, Pasqual, never understands what is said to him. I desired him to chain the dog in his kennel. (*barking heard again*) He is certainly fighting with some strange dog.

*Fer.* He barks loud enough. (*looking*) I see nobody in the yard.

*Mon.* If the Baron should be asleep, this noise will——somebody is on the stairs.

*Fer.* Who can it be?

SCENE XIV.—*Enter* PASQUAL.

*Pas.* Me myself.

*Mon.* Where have you been?

*Pas.* You shall hear, Padrona. The cat mewed so wofully, that I thought she was locked in the closet; so in I went, and caught puss by the tail—she flew at me like a tigress, and dug her nails into my hand. "Mew, mew, mew," said she. "Diavolo!" said I, and let go my hold. (*barking again heard.*)

*Mon.* Why does Sultan bark so violently?

*Pas.* Padrona, you make me forget the best part of the story. Why does Sultan bark? By St. Jago, I should bark too were I in his place. You may believe what I say. The Baron——

*Mon.* Well? What of him?

*Pas.* The Baron, Signora, has climbed out of the window yonder—not that where the flower-pots stand, but the one below.

*Mon.* Silence, booby!

*Pas.* It is no joke: I saw him myself.

*Fer.* Really?

*Mon.* Chain up the dog, and go to bed; you are intoxicated.

*Pas.* With all my heart; but I know what I saw.

*Mon.* What did you see, oaf?

*Pas.* I was at the garret window: the Baron descended by aid of a thick cord; while poor Sultan barked his throat sore.

SCENE XV.

*Enter* ISABELLA *with a Light, which she puts on the Table.*

*Is.* What a terrible noise there is without? Do not you hear, mother?

*Mon.* Well? some youths, I suppose, returning from a merry-making. (*the report of a pistol is heard.*)

*Fer.* Holy Virgin! Was not that the report of a pistol?

*Is.* Hush!

*Fer.* What can be the matter?

*Pas.* St. Jago, defend us!

*Is.* Let us look through the casement.

*Mon.* Oh, I warrant it is nothing of consequence. Come. (*going: a loud knocking at the door is heard.*)

*Pas.* Holy Saints!

*Is.* What a knocking!

*Mon.* Take the light, and see who is at the door.

*Pas.* Must I open it?

*Mon.* Not to strangers.

*Pas.* How I tremble! Fermina, will you go with me?

*Fer.* (*taking a light*) Yes; I will take pity on you.

[*Exeunt* Fermina *and* Pasqual.

*Mon.* How provoking! The very evening he wished to be quiet, that he might write his letters, go to bed, and rise betimes in the morning, he is disturbed by dogs barking, people quarrelling, the report of pistols, and a knocking at the door loud enough to raise the village. If a legion of devils were let loose, they could not make a greater noise.

## SCENE XVI.

*Enter* Don Pedro, Fermina, *and* Pasqual: Pasqual *with a small Parcel under his Arm.*

*Ped.* (*joyfully*) Sister, Isabella, rejoice: our guest has kept his word.

*Mon.* How?

*Is.* Is it possible?

*Ped.* The Baron is fairly decamped: he was in such haste, that he mistook the window for the door; and, instead of waiting for his gilt coach drawn by Neapolitan horses, with lackeys, pages, and a guard of honor, he is now running, as though fifty alguazils were at his heels, along the narrow lane, followed by the sacristan and our neighbour Tomasas' two sons, who, if they overtake his lordship, will treat him with less ceremony than ever the cousin of dukes and princes yet experienced. At first he acted the bravo, and presented his pistol; but it unfortunately went off, and half killed the poor Baron with fright; however, the explosion was innocent. As soon as fear would let him, our valiant guest took to his heels, which seemed to be winged, and left this parcel on the ground.

*Mon.* Come, Fermina, let us search the Baron's apartment; I am distracted!

[*Exeunt* Madonna Monica, *and* Fermina *with lights.*

*Ped.* Open the parcel, Pasqual, and let us see the magnificent wardrobe of his lordship. Thou art silent, Isabella?

*Is.* This happiness is so unexpected! And Leonardo——?

*Ped.* Is safe: here he comes!

## SCENE XVII.—*Enter* Leonardo.

*Ped.* Well, what news do you bring?

*Leo.* That the Baron has escaped: he is another Mercury.

*Ped.* Let him go in peace. Who knows? This lesson may be a warning to him: a prison is no school of reformation; the guilty wretch is punished, but only becomes hardened in vice.

## SCENE XVIII.

*Re-enter* MADONNA MONICA *and* FERMINA: MADONNA MONICA *seats herself, abashed and disappointed.*

*Fer.* Yes, the knave, sure enough, escaped through the window, and for a legacy has left a ragged waistcoat, an old hat, a pair of worn-out shoes, my late master's wedding suit thrown upon a dusty shelf covered with cobwebs, the rope which aided him to descend, and this letter (*presenting it to* Leonardo) which we found on his pillow.

*Leo.* Directed to me!

*Ped.* (*taking the things out of the parcel*) Whatever is wanting yonder we shall no doubt find in this parcel. Look, sister, here is a gold tooth-pick case, no doubt yours, a piece of silver lace, a silver spoon——

*Fer.* The knave! It is the same I gave him this morning with the jar of preserves.

*Ped.* A chess-board, two packs of cards, a ring (*to* Madonna Monica) likewise yours—— and here is money (*giving a purse to his sister.*)

*Leo.* (*giving* Madonna Monica *the letter*) The ungrateful villain! Read this, Signora, and then, if you have the heart, banish me your house.

*Mon.* (*reads aloud*) "Signor, I do not dispute the *wisdom* of men's cutting each others throats for trifles they despise; but it is not my practice. I am no bravo. It is true, I persuaded the old woman that I was dying for her daughter, but it was to serve my interest, and because her folly and conceit——"

The wretch! I will read no more. (*returns the letter to* Leonardo.)

*Ped.* Do you finish this curious epistle, Leonardo: let us hear how the knave has treated us. Proceed!

*Mon.* There is no occasion: I am undeceived. Oh, the vile impostor!

*Ped.* No matter: proceed I say; it is not long.

*Leo.* (*reads aloud*) "Her folly and conceit made her an easy dupe. Diogenes, with his lamp, never discovered a more credulous old dotard. It was not to the god of love, but of riches, that my vows were addressed: I sighed for the little she had to bestow, and the wealth of her brother. God forgive the old fellow! He has driven me from a comfortable asylum, deprived me of a good supper, and exposed me, perhaps, to disagreeable accidents. You, no doubt, will anxiously expect me at the appointed hour, in the charitable hope of running me through the lungs: but do not afflict yourself should I not come; you may be assured I have made an effective retreat. As to my forfeited honor, my conscience will settle the account. The laws of honor do not touch me. I am no Baron: far from being

the cousin of dukes and the nephew of princes, I never even was admitted into their kitchens. I am a poor devil, without home or lodging, income or profession. I live by my wits; have an apt invention, make princely promises, seize upon ignorance and credulity as lawful prey, and, when I am known, seek new dupes. Farewell!"

*Mon.* It is well. Leave me, I beg. It is late. Pasqual, fasten the doors. Go!

*Ped.* (*affectionately*) What is the matter?

*Mon.* Ungrateful wretch! Make me his jest! I, who was kind, so void of suspicion!

*Is.* Dear mother!

*Leo.* This is not a subject of affliction!

*Is.* Far the reverse.

*Ped.* Since the impostor is gone, your property is safe, your daughter free, and your eyes opened, why thus afflict yourself?

*Is.* It is without occasion.

*Ped.* Your ignorance of the world is excusable; your error was temporary, and has had no ill consequences: it will be a useful lesson. You wished to quit the humble sphere in which you were born, and thus exposed yourself to misfortunes, the bare possibility of which makes me shudder.

*Mon.* I see my folly; it makes me wretched.

*Ped.* Seek consolation, here. Niece, embrace thy mother. (Isabella *tenderly embraces her mother.*)

*Mon.* Oh, my child!

*Ped.* (*Leading* Leonardo, *who kneels, with* Isabella, *to* Madonna Monica) Here are your children! Your benediction alone is wanting to make them happy. Fear nothing, Leonardo; circumstances are changed.

*Mon.* They are indeed (*embracing* Leonardo *and* Isabella) my dear child! Leonardo, can you forgive my folly? Isabella is yours.

*Leo.* My mother!

*Is.* Dear mother! (*They rise, and kiss the hand of* Madonna Monica, *and then embrace* Don Pedro, *who shows his satisfaction.*)

*Mon.* (*to* Don Pedro) Forgive me!

*Ped.* (*affectionately taking her hand*) No pleasures can equal those of the heart: this is true happiness. The dreams of ambition are deceiving. Live happily in the bosom of your family, loving and beloved: these inestimable blessings are beyond the power of rank or riches to give. Wretched are those who cannot appreciate them!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

## REMARKS.

Two sufficient reasons led to the translation of the foregoing piece: first, its own intrinsic merit, and next the opportunity it will afford the English reader to compare the modern Spanish style of dramatic composition with the ancient. When Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca wrote, intricacy of plot, duels, extravagant metaphors, over-strained compliments, punctilio, the sacred point of honor, and the most passionate love, were the ingredients of the Spanish drama. We have here an example that, in the modern, though there is much less of extraordinary incident, there is more knowledge of character. The drama, we find, has a great resemblance of features over all Europe. The Baron has not sufficient incident for the English stage, but it might have been a German or a French piece: the plan is simple, uninterrupted, and void of any thing which can create suspense, without a sufficient variety of character to remove it from what the English are inclined to think insipidity; but it is natural, flowing, and with a sufficient degree of character and humor to make it highly deserving of translation: especially as it gratifies the curiosity, relative to the present mode of dramatic composition in Spain.

The author, in his preface, informs us that it was originally written for private performance; but that it was afterward brought on the stage at Cadiz.

# THE PORTRAIT:

## A DRAMATIC PROVERB,

## *IN ONE ACT,*

TRANSLATED FROM

## THE FRENCH OF CARMONTEL.

Après la pluie le beau tems.
Sunshine after a storm.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. BERNARD, a Portrait Painter.

M. DURBAIN, a Painter of History.

LA COMTESSE DE MINNEVILLE.

LE COMTE DE MINNEVILLE.

LA PRESIDENTE DE BERMONT.

L'ABBE DES EGARDS.

LE CHEVALIER DE ROUVIERE.

LE BARON D'ORBAN, an Amateur.

CHAMPAGNE, } Lackeys in Livery.
COMPTOIS, }

LA FRANCE, a Coachman.

GERMAIN, a Pupil of M. BERNARD.

# THE PORTRAIT:

## A DRAMATIC PROVERB, IN ONE ACT.

### SCENE I.

*The Painting Room of* M. BERNARD: *the Portrait of a Lady on the Easel, and many Portraits placed about the Chamber.* BERNARD *walking, looking through the Window, returning to the Portrait, and restless.*

*M. Bernard.*

IT is growing late. These fine ladies! They never finish what they begin: should clouds come on, here will be an afternoon lost. How time slips away! I hear somebody. She is coming, no doubt; I was wrong to be so vexed: the sun is still high, and I shall have time for a good sitting. Pshaw! Deceived again: it is M. Durbain.

### SCENE II.—*Enter* DURBAIN.

*Dur.* Good day, my friend! What are you about?

*M. Ber.* Nothing: waiting for a lady of fashion, who has forfeited her promise five or six times already, and has made me lose more time than——

*Dur.* Employ yourself in sketching.

*M. Ber.* Yes, you, who paint history, might do so: but of what service are sketches to a portrait painter?

*Dur.* What have you got on your easel?

*M. Ber.* The portrait of the lady for whom I am waiting.

*Dur.* Exceedingly well, indeed. The tone and harmony excellent. Why, it is finished.

*M. Ber.* Finished! Ladies are never satisfied with a likeness.

*Dur.* What need you mind their whims?

*M. Ber.* Such questions are easily asked. One may see, you are no portrait painter.

*Dur.* I could be, if I pleased, but I want patience. Provided I give my heads the necessary expression, I am then satisfied.

*M. Ber.* Certainly: but, as for we portrait painters, should we give all the expression, every simper, and every grimace a woman can make, she still would not be satisfied.

*Dur.* Ah! That is too much.

*M. Ber.* Do you remember the young bride, whom you saw here once? and whom you thought so beautiful that you wished to copy her face for a Venus?

*Dur.* I do. How fresh and charming! The blood was transparent through the skin, and gave such life! such animation!

*M. Ber.* That beauty has the ugliest husband imaginable.

*Dur.* She!

*M. Ber.* Even she. I painted his portrait, and the likeness was good, except too handsome. This confounded wife of his at first appeared in raptures with it; but, after a great deal of examination, her ecstasy became quite cold. I looked and looked, but could see nothing to change, and entreated her to tell me what I must do. She hesitated, cast a tender glance at her sweet spouse, which he answered by a most hideous grimace, thinking himself inexpressibly charming; and she instantly exclaimed—"No! those are not the dear little eyes of my husband, when he looks fondly at me."

*Dur.* Is this possible?

*M. Ber.* True, on my honor. I have the portrait left on my hands.

*Dur.* I'd give up portrait painting.

*M. Ber.* This I have often attempted; but my family must eat. Were I single, with a little philosophy, I might do otherwise.

*Dur.* Very right. I hear footsteps.

*M. Ber.* Perhaps she is coming. No, 'tis the Abbé *des Egards*.

SCENE III.—*Enter* ABBE.

*Ab.* Good day, Mr. Bernard. (*to* Durbain) Sir, your humble servant. Well, has the countess been here?

*M. Ber.* No, Sir, I have been waiting for her these two hours.

*Ab.* She is a strange lady! Have you any snuff? Mine is too dry: my lackey forgot to put some in my box.

*Dur.* Will you please, Sir, to take some of mine?

*Ab.* With all my heart. It is excellent. Well, the portrait?

*M. Ber.* There it is.

*Ab.* Excellent! Her very self! She, however, thinks that

the mouth is a little too large, and I imagine you might—— Hey?

*M. Ber.* But she insists on wearing a smile.

*Ab.* Why, very true; however——

*M. Ber.* Should I make her mouth less, she must be serious, or the portrait would have no resemblance.

*Ab.* You are right, very right: I have told her all that; but these ladies, these ladies, Mr. Bernard.

*M. Ber.* Ay, ay; I have enough of them.

*Ab.* Could not you enlarge the eyes a little?

*M. Ber.* Do, in conscience, tell me, Mr. Abbé, are they not too large already?

*Ab.* I know it, I know it; yet just to give her satisfaction——

*Dur.* Cannot you perceive, good Sir, that all proportion would be destroyed? Since the portrait is an agreeable and a good likeness, what more can be desired?

*Ab.* My very words! I told her so. Here she comes: I believe I must hand her up stairs.

*Dur.* Adieu, my friend. I wish you much patience.

*M. Ber.* I have great need of it!

*Dur.* I am going to the academy; will you come and sup with us?

*M. Ber.* I can't promise: I will if I can.

## SCENE IV.

*The* COUNTESS, *the* CHEVALIER, *the* ABBE, *and* M. BERNARD.

*Countess.* Ah, Mr. Bernard, I know you will scold me terribly.

*M. Ber.* Madam——

*Countess.* It is incredible the quantity of things I have had to do to-day.

*Ab.* I know, dear Madam, nobody on earth is so continually occupied as yourself.

*Countess.* I am half distracted, and not one of my affairs is finished. I have not been able to find a handsome new pattern; they are all shockingly ugly: more must be brought me to-morrow.

*Ab.* Have you seen those of Madame *de Mortiere?*

*Countess.* Faugh! Detestable! You have no taste, Abbé.

*Ab.* Can you tell me that, when you know I am one of your greatest admirers?

*Countess.* How must I sit, Mr. Bernard?

*M. Ber.* Thus, Madam. (*placing her.*)

*Countess.* So?

*M. Ber.* More to this side: on the left.

*Countess.* Toward the door?

*M. Ber.* No, Madam, the contrary.

*Countess.* Ay, true, that was the right: I don't know what I am saying. You will find my eyes very small to-day, Mr. Bernard, for I have not slept a wink. Where is the Chevalier? Ah, there he is!

*M. Ber.* Madam, would you but oblige me by sitting still a quarter of an hour, I should the sooner have done.

*Countess.* Oh, as long as you please; but I must presently be at the opera. Do I sit properly?

*M. Ber.* Exceedingly well.

*Countess.* Oh, I could sit so all day.

*M Ber.* I am glad of that.

*Countess.* (*getting up*) Ah, Abbé, do look; there is something under me.

*M. Ber.* Nay, Madam.

*Countess.* No, no, nothing, I see. You must not scold me, Mr. Bernard. Chevalier! (*calling.*)

*Chev.* Madam!

*Countess.* Come near me. I cannot talk to you a mile off.

*Chev.* Here I am.

*Countess.* Listen to what I tell you. (*she whispers him.*)

*Ab.* Mr. Bernard, Madam, cannot work.

*Countess.* Stop a bit; I have but a word to say: I shall have done in a minute. (*continues whispering.*)

*M. Ber.* I ask you seriously, now, Mr. Abbé, whether it be possible for me to go on?

*Chev.* (*to the* Countess) Yes, yes.

*Countess.* You understand me, Chevalier? So! Now all is over, and I am entirely at your service. Well, have you almost done, Sir? The mouth and the eyes——did the Abbé tell you? Oh, Chevalier, I forgot. (*whispers again.*)

*Ab.* (*low to* Bernard) Is the dimple of the chin sufficiently deep?

*M. Ber.* Were it deeper, it——

*Countess.* I am not a very good sitter, Mr. Bernard.

*M. Ber.* Madam,

*Countess.* Why, you say nothing, Abbé?

*Ab.* I am looking, Madam, to——

*Countess.* Give me a pinch of snuff, Chevalier; and do you, Abbé, tell me a story.

*Ab.* A story, Madam?

*Countess.* Yes, yes. (*to* M. Bernard) May I look round, Sir?

*M. Ber.* Not just yet, Madam; one moment I entreat you. A little to the right.

*Countess.* Well, why don't you begin, Abbé?

*Ab.* I remember, Madam, that at Bordeaux there was ——

*Countess.* Ah, some anecdote of his own country: that will be delicious! Where is the Chevalier?

*Chev.* Here I am.

*Countess.* How intolerably dull you are to-day. Well, Abbé, go on.

*Ab.* There was at Bordeaux a charming woman.

*Countess.* At Bordeaux? I don't believe it.

*Ab.* Had you known her, you would have said so.

*Countess.* I am sure to the contrary, Abbé.

*Ab.* Just as you please, but the fact is certain. She had a husband, a good kind of man enough, but the dullest and most tiresome of mortals.

*Countess.* Just like my husband, I suppose.

*Ab.* By no means; I did not say that. His name, as I recollect, was *de Morangeac*.

*Chev.* Abbé, was it of the family of the Morangeacs who appertained to the royal household?

*Ab.* The same. It is a good family.

*Chev.* I know it.

*Countess.* Chevalier, you are an odious creature: you are always interrupting, and we shall never hear the story.

*M. Ber.* Madam, a little more this way, if you please; and the shoulder somewhat lower. Good.

*Countess.* But, Sir, I cannot sit so. Well, Abbé, your *Monsieur de Morangeac?*

*Ab.* Who was exceedingly fond of his wife. You must not be surprised; those things happen sometimes in the country.

*Countess.* I hope she did not love him; that would be intolerable!

*Ab.* Excuse me, she did.

*Countess.* The absurd creature!

*Ab.* Her husband was always by her side.

*Countess.* And you say she was charming?

*Ab.* Young, fresh, fair, animated, amiable; as witty as an angel, in short a divine woman. I knew her, myself, as well as I know you.

*Countess.* (*disdainfully*) One of the virtues!

*Ab.* I don't quite say that; but you shall hear, you shall hear.

*Countess.* I hate her; I can't endure her: I think I have her before my eyes.

*Ab.* This lady had herself painted in the character of Hebe.

*Countess.* (*with a grimace*) In what?

*Ab.* In the character of Hebe, the goddess of youth.

*Countess.* Hebe! A country dowdy!

*Ab.* One of the company said her husband ought to be painted as Jupiter, in the same picture.

*Countess.* (*with an exclamation*) *Monsieur de Morangeac* as Jupiter!

*Ab.* Even so! *Monsieur de Morangeac* as Jupiter. It was

indifferent to him; and I believe he would so have been painted, had not a captain of dragoons, who was in love with Madame *de Morangene*, and intolerably vexed that he could never find her alone, replied to the person who gave the advice: "What, Sir, would you wish to find the lady never without her husband, not even in a picture?"

*Countess.* He was right: what was his name?

*Ab.* The Chevalier *de—de—Gruinfort*, or something else, I don't very well recollect. Madame *de Morangene* heard him, blushed, turned away, and, as it is said, ever after saw her husband with the eyes of other people.

*Countess.* You try to retrieve her character in vain: I don't like her. Well, Mr. Bernard.

*M. Ber.* (*placing the portrait at a distance*) If you will please to look at it now, Madam——

*Countess.* (*rising*) By all means. You tread upon me, Chevalier.

*Chev.* It is not my fault: one has not room to turn.

*Ab.* You have reason now to be satisfied, Madam.

*Countess.* Why, yes, if I am like the picture. I wish, however, the head-dress were a little higher: what say you, Mr. Bernard.

*M. Ber.* That, Madam, is easily done.

*Countess.* Yes, it is very charming: don't you think so, Abbé?

*Ab.* Could it be otherwise, being your portrait? It is excellent.

*Countess.* Are you sincere? Speak!

*Ab.* The likeness could not be greater.

*Countess.* I am highly gratified; and, to tell you the truth, I had no hope that it would be so well.

*M. Ber.* I only wanted time, Madam, and am delighted that——

*Countess.* You do not say a word, Chevalier.

*Chev.* I told you, from the very first, that it was good.

*Countess.* And a likeness?

*Chev.* Every body must immediately know it.

*Ab.* Here comes your husband, the Count, Madam: we shall hear what he will say.

SCENE V.—*Enter the* Count.

*Countess.* Come, Count, come; look!

*Count.* (*slightly regarding it*) It is too handsome for you.

*Countess.* A true husband's compliment; but do you think it like?

*Count.* Exceedingly.

*Countess.* We shall get nothing more from him.

*Count.* Good day, Abbé. Chevalier, you did not come to supper?

*Chev.* I could not.

*Countess.* Nay, do tell us a little more what you think of the portrait?

*Count.* I have told you already. It is too handsome.

*Countess.* It pleases me very much. I wish *La Présidente* would come! To whom shall we show it? Abbé, call in my people: they are dull blockheads, but never mind.

*Ab.* (*goes to the door*) Come in; your lady wants you.

*Enter* COMPTOIS *and* CHAMPAGNE.

*Countess.* Look here, Champagne, who does that resemble?

*Champ.* You, my lady.

*Countess.* What say you, Comptois?

*Com.* 'Tis as if spit from your mouth, my lady.

*Countess.* Spit from my mouth! Now I like that; the simplicity of it is delightful. Call the coachman, Champagne, but don't tell him what about.

*Count.* (*talking with the* Chevalier) Take care of the horses.

*Champ.* Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

*Countess.* It is a charming painting, Mr. Bernard; I am delighted: it cannot be more like. Abbé, look at it on this side. (*she looks at it on one side.*)

*Ab.* Very good! Excellent! You see, we must let these gentlemen follow their own methods; they know best what they do.

*Countess.* I should like to take it with me: may I, Sir?

*M. Ber.* The paint, Madam, is not yet dry.

*Countess.* True, true. Here comes the coachman.

## SCENE VIII.—*Enter the* COACHMAN.

*Countess.* Come here, La France, look at that picture.

*Coachman.* I have no occasion to look long, Madam. I see very well it is yourself.

*Countess.* He knew it directly!

*Coachman.* Was that all you wanted, Madam?

*Countess.* All I wanted? Excellent! Yes, yes, that was all. Go about your business. I hear a coach; it is surely *La Présidente.* Count, where are you going?

*Count.* To the Tuileries with the Chevalier.

*Countess.* It is too soon. Tell me—— They won't hear.

## SCENE IX.

*The* COUNTESS, *the* PRESIDENT, *the* ABBE, *and* M. BERNARD.

*La P.* Heavens! one is quite stifled here.

*Countess.* Good day, Madam.

*La P.* Do you know, Madam, I have been above an hour in seeking you? Abbé, why did not you come to conduct me?

*Ab.* The thing was impossible.

*La P.* Mercy on me! What a quantity of portraits! There is Madame *de Clairfont*, very like, but greatly flattered. And Madame *de Grandin!* Why, Sir, you have made her the prettiest woman in the world! how could you contrive it? And there is the tall and silly Madame *de Dussin?* Look at her, Madam! She seems in the act of uttering nonsense. Upon my word, Sir, this is a very agreeable sight. I will sit to nobody but you.

*M. Ber.* You will do me great honor, Madam.

*Countess.* (*showing her own portrait*) Look here, Madam.

*La P.* Ah! Who is that? Stop——I am thinking——say nothing. It is certainly not you: yet I know somebody that it is like. Hold! It is Madame *D'Ancére.*

*Countess.* Oh, fie!

*La P.* No, she is handsomer.

*Countess.* I tell you, it is not her: look again.

*La P.* In that case, I know not who it is. Show me yours.

*Countess.* Why that's it.

*La P.* That you?

*Countess.* Certainly.

*La P.* No, no, that never resembled you.

*Countess.* I and every body suppose the likeness excellent.

*La P.* Oh, no. (*to* M. Bernard) What say you, Sir? You are of my opinion: that is not like the Countess?

*M. Ber.* I cannot acknowledge that, Madam.

*La P.* You must own that is not her nose, it is not so long; nor her mouth or eyes: there is something of her forehead, I grant; but the hair is not good enough: beside, the complexion of the Countess is better: then look at the colouring, how unequally the red is laid on. Oh, it's a vile portrait!

*M. Ber.* But, Madam, consider——

*La P.* I say, it is hideous. Can you, Madam, be satisfied?

*Countess.* I must confess——

*La. P.* You are a hundred times more handsome. Truly, you do not flatter yourself much, if you take that for your portrait.

*Countess.* The Count says it is too handsome.

*La P.* And will you believe what a husband says? Come here; look how it is smeared under the nose: is that you?

*M. Ber.* It is the shadow, Madam.

*La P.* Oh, yes, shadow! Painters are always talking of shades and shadows: I see no shadow.

*Countess.* Can't you take it away, Sir?

*M. Ber.* No, Madam.

*La P.* It were useless: it can never be good.

*Countess.* How one may be deceived! It is really astonishing! I thought it tolerable; but now I look at it in this point of view, nothing was ever so horrible.

*M. Ber.* Madam, you don't see it in a right light.

*Countess.* I see it very well, Sir: I see it like this lady; and I am very sorry I have so mispent my time.

*M. Ber.* That is to say, Madam, it is no longer a likeness.

*Countess.* No, Sir.

*Ab.* If you think proper, Mr. Bernard will retouch the picture.

*La P.* I tell you, Abbé, retouching would all be useless: you are no judge. I advise you not to take it.

*Countess.* I take it? Oh, fie!

*La P.* This is loss of time: let us be gone to the opera.

*Countess.* Willingly.

*M. Ber.* What do you decide, Madam?

*Countess.* I thought it would be better, Sir.

*M. Ber.* You do not wish to have it?

*Countess.* We shall see.

*La P.* (*going*) Come, Abbé. Won't you come, Madam?

*Countess.* I will follow you. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE X.—M. Bernard, *and* Germain.

*M. Ber.* (*walking about*) The devil take the trade of portrait painter, or rather women and their flatterers. Clean my pallet, Germain. What fault can they find with it? You heard that woman, Germain, look at the picture.

*Ger.* I assure you, Sir, 'tis one of the greatest likenesses you ever painted.

*M. Ber.* And I am now told it is frightful. I am tempted to cut it instantly in pieces.

*Ger.* Hold, Sir; consider what you are about. Here comes the Baron, her uncle, hear what he will say; he has judgment.

## SCENE XI.—*Enter the* Baron.

*Bar.* I am come, Mr. Bernard, to tell you good news. Heyday, what is the matter with you?

*M. Ber.* Oh, nothing, Sir; nothing.

*Bar.* I have it at last.

*M. Ber.* Have what, Sir?

*Bar.* The portrait of the Burgomaster's Wife, by Rembrandt.

*M. Ber.* Indeed!

*Bar.* It is at home. I have passed the whole afternoon in looking at it, and am not half satisfied. How light the touch, how charming the pencil! What truth, what warmth, what breadth of coloring! It cost me two hundred louis-d'ors, but I would not part with it for five.

*M. Ber.* Very just, Sir: money cannot pay for such a picture.

*Bar.* I adore truth and nature; I find them in all your works: for which reason I love your portraits.

*M. Ber.* (*with a sigh*) Ah!

*Bar.* Something afflicts you: what has happened?

*M. Ber.* Pray, look at that portrait.

*Bar.* (*putting on his spectacles*) It is my niece. Charming, my friend, charming! you never painted better.

*M. Ber.* And those ladies called it horrible.

*Bar.* What ladies?

*M. Ber.* The Countess, your niece, and one of her friends.

*Bar.* Poh poh: they are silly people; let them talk; it is excellent.

*M. Ber.* Your good opinion gives me consolation.

*Bar.* I am just come from looking at my Rembrandt, and I now look at your portrait with pleasure.

*M. Ber.* You make me happy.

*Bar.* I speak my thoughts. Here is a breadth of coloring and a truth of design——

*M. Ber.* Yet it is refused. I am told it is not only a bad resemblance, but ill painted.

*Bar.* What do they know of painting? I am delighted with it, will take it, and she shall not have so much as a copy. Leave the management to me. It will be dry by to-morrow?

*M. B.* It will. Only I must varnish it to bring out the colors.

*Bar.* You are right; we must not be too hasty. I have a frame of the same size: bring it to-morrow, and dine with me.

*M. Ber.* I will do myself that honor.

*Bar.* You shall see my Rembrandt: it will delight you. Let me look once more. Excellent! Charming! 'Tis a good picture. Are you going out? Shall I set you down?

*M. Ber.* You are very kind: I would walk a little in the Tuileries.

*Bar.* I am going there; we will talk together: take your hat.

*M. Ber.* 'Tis here.

*Bar.* I am highly satisfied with your portrait; but you must see my Rembrandt: I have something beside to show you; my cabinet will soon be complete.

*M. Ber.* It is a fine collection.

*Bar.* I do not think it much amiss. I have an antique head in view: but I will tell you as we go.

*M. Ber.* I shall not sup at home, Germain.

*Ger.* Very well, Sir. What if you had cut it in pieces? Was I right?

*M. Ber.* Certainly. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

# DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

## ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

( *Continued from Vol. II. No. X. p.* 270. )

THE actors who had been mimicked in this little piece felt the satire very severely, and made heavy complaints. Of the justice of these complaints, Foote appears to have had but little feeling: and certainly, if none but their defects were imitated, he could not morally be blamed, for he did but lead the public to a just decision and taste in criticism. It may be objected that these performers had merits, and that their merits remained unnoticed, while their failings and absurdities were given with increased effect: but the answer to this is, that they had been accustomed to receive indiscriminate praise; and their very errors perhaps obtained the highest degree of applause. Neither were they liable to suffer in pocket; for, whatever might be their mistakes, they were the best actors of their time, therefore not liable to be superseded: or, supposing them to have been supplanted by superior merit, though the individuals would have been to be pitied, the progress of taste must have increased.

Foote replied to them by producing a monologue kind of drama, stating that, instead of suffering them to murder blank verse, and assume characters for which they were unfit, he would endeavour to teach them how they might be more usefully employed.

Quin, from his sonorous voice and mode of speaking, he appointed a watchman.

Delane was supposed to have lost an eye, and was placed as a beggar in St. Paul's Church-yard, exclaiming—"Bestow your charity on a poor blind man!"

To Ryan, remarkable for an uncouth shrill voice, he assigned the office of a razor-grinder.

Mrs. Woffington, though she was elegant of person and had an interesting countenance, sometimes had an unpleasant squeak-

ing tone of voice; and to her he gave the office of an orange-woman to the theatre.

Woodward puzzled him, he said; therefore, assuming his voice and manner, in Sir Fopling Flutter, he spoke one of his speeches. "Wherever I go, there goes a gentleman; upon my life, a gentleman; and, when you have said a gentleman (dropping Woodward's voice and assuming his own) you have said more than is true."

On Garrick Foote was very severe, especially for his catching mode of pronouncing dying speeches.

He next produced a piece of a similar kind, which he called *An Auction of Pictures*, and with no less success. It contained several well-known characters: Sir Thomas de Veil, the famous justice of peace; Cock, the auctioneer; and the no less notorious orator Henley.

*The Knights*, a more regular piece, was his next production. The characters of a trifling story-teller and a prating imbecile politician, were happily drawn; and, in its first run, it was most whimsically concluded with a concert of cats, to burlesque some of the absurdities which the Italian opera had introduced. In this, the principal performer was a person then well known by the name of Cat Harris, and of whom and Shuter a curious anecdote is related.

At the last rehearsal, Harris was missing: nobody knew where he lived, and Shuter was prevailed upon to inquire. Having heard that Harris lived in a certain court in the Minories, but not knowing the house, Shuter whimsically began a cat-solo, and with such effect that his brother musician presently replied, in responsive notes. "Oh! you are there at last, my friend," said Shuter; "come, come; the stage waits; we cannot begin the opera without you."

This, though attractive for a time, could only be temporary; and a different conclusion was afterward added to the piece.

In 1748, Foote had a considerable fortune left him, by a maternal relation; and, after living for some time at London in splendor and expence, he went abroad. Here he remained without corresponding with any friends, and there were va-

rious rumours concerning him: one that he had been killed in a duel; another that he died of a fever, from intemperance; and a third, very malignantly and possitively asserted, he had been hanged. These tales he disproved by his arrival in London, in 1752. This last fortune being the third that had been left him, he chose the following motto for his carriage: *Iterum, iterum, iterumque.*

His first production in the following year was the comedy of *Taste*, in two acts; in which he severely satirized the ignorant pretenders to virtú: but, as the subject was not sufficiently popular, its success was not very great. It appeared at Drury-lane theatre, and the prologue was written and spoken, in the character of an auctioneer, by Mr. Garrick.

His next piece was *The Englishman in Paris*, performed at Covent-garden theatre, March 24, 1753, for the benefit of Macklin, and in the bills of the day was called "An Answer to a French Farce called The Frenchman in London." Macklin personated Buck, and Lucinda was expressly written for Miss Macklin, where she exhibited her accomplishments in music, singing, and dancing, in all of which she excelled.

The first public appearance of Foote, after his return from the continent, was in November, 1753, in the character of Buck; and the following prologue, written for him by Garrick, will at once prove diverting and historical:

## PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

Amongst the matters that occasion prate,
Ev'n I sometimes am matter for debate:
Whene'er my faults or follies are the question,
Each draws his wit out, and begins dissection.
*Sir Peter Primrose*, smirking o'er his tea,
Sinks, from himself and politics, to me.
"Paper! boy."—"Here, Sir, I am."—"What news to-day?"
"Foote, Sir, is advertised."—"What! run away?"
"No, Sir; he acts this week at Drury-lane."
"How's that? (cries feeble *Grub*): Foote come again?
I thought that fool had done his devil's dance:
Was he not hang'd some months ago in France?"

Up starts *Mac-bone*, and thus the room harangued:
" 'Tis true, his friends gave out that he was hang'd;
But, to be sure, 'twas all a hum; *because*
I've seen him since; and after that disgrace
No *Jontleman* would dare to show his face."
To him replied a sneering bonny Scot,
" You reason right, my friend; hang'd he was not;
But neither you nor I can tell *how soon* he'll gang to pot."
Thus each, as fancy drives, his wit displays:
Such is the tax each son of folly pays.
On this my scheme they many names bestow:
" 'Tis fame:"—" 'Tis pride:"—nay worse, " The pocket's low."
I own I've pride, ambition, vanity;
And, what's more strange than these, perhaps you'll see
(Though not so great a portion of it)—*Modesty*.
For you I'll curb each self-sufficient thought,
And kiss the rod whene'er you point a fault.
Many my passions are, though one my view;
They all concentre in the pleasing you.—

Soon after this period, various bickerings happened between Macklin and Foote; in which the wit and humor of Foote turned the laugh against his opponent, who replied, by abuse that was false, coarse, and illiberal: but this altercation, like most others, was dishonorable to both parties. Foote wrote a piece, on the occasion, called *The Inquisition*; and Macklin replied as an orator, in his own coffee-house, in which he was a bankrupt in January 1755.

The next piece that Foote gave the public was *The Englishman returned from Paris*; the plot of which he was accused of having purloined, from Mr. Murphy. The latter gentleman was then rising into notice, and, being very intimate with Foote, informed him of his intention to write a sequel to the Englishman in Paris, and gave a development of his plan and characters. Foote, it is asserted, secretly determined to make them his own, and on Murphy's materials finished a piece of two acts so rapidly, that it was brought out at Covent-garden theatre early in February 1756.

That Murphy thought himself injured is certain, since in his own piece of the same title, which came out afterward,

some doubts being raised as to the identity of Sir Charles Buck, he makes Sir Charles reply, "Oh yes, I grant you there has been an impostor about town, who with much easy familiarity and assurance has stolen my writings, and not only thus treacherously robbed me, but impudently dared to assume my very name even to my face. But I am the true Sir Charles Buck, I can assure you."

Of the truth of this accusation, and of the degree of turpitude, if any, which belonged to Foote, it would be difficult now to determine: nay, perhaps, it would have been difficult for the parties themselves. The charge of plagiarism is generally a very nice one, and of the plagiarism committed from conversation it would be temerity to decide.

In 1757, *The Author*, a piece of two acts, by Foote, appeared at the theatre, Drury-lane. In this piece Mr. Aprice, under the title of Cadwallader, was personated with great humor and effect. At first Mr. Aprice laughed, perhaps unconscious that it was himself, at his own portrait: but the piece had so great a run, and the application of the satire to himself became so general, that he heard the name of Cadwallader whispered in his ear in all public places. He therefore applied to the duke of Devonshire, then lord chamberlain, and obtained the suppression of the piece.

We next find Mr. Foote making a visit to Ireland, taking with him Tate Wilkinson, the late manager of the theatre at York, and so famous in his youth for mimickry. In Dublin, Foote was received by the best and highest company, as an eminent dramatic writer and a man of infinite wit and pleasantry. He always afterward spoke of their good humor and hospitality with great satisfaction; and of the people in general he used to say, they possessed more native wit and humor than any other he had ever seen. His own pieces, and particularly *The Diversions of the Morning*, with Wilkinson's Imitations, were highly popular.

On his return to London, this piece, with the imitations, were no less successful. They occasioned some uneasiness, among the performers of the theatre, Covent-garden. Mr.

Sparks, in particular, complained of them to Garrick, who pleaded that Wilkinson took Barry, Foote, and himself off, and that Sparks could therefore scarcely complain of being found in such good company: to which Sparks feelingly replied that keeping good company had been the ruin of many men. The imitations for a time were suppressed, but the audience continued to call for them: the principal persons of both houses, managers or actors, were included in them, and the laugh becoming harmless, passed unnoticed and unrevenged.

Foote had never been an economist: he kept his country-house, chariots, horses, servants, and a table at which persons of distinction and wit were generally found. His jokes were applauded, his hospitality praised, but his resources were frequently deficient. From motives of necessity, he was induced to go to Edinburgh, then considered rather as an unpromising place, but wanted money for the expedition. He, with reluctance, applied to Garrick for the loan of a hundred pounds. Wilkinson says the favor was readily granted, but in Garrick's usual manner. "He would endeavour to see Pritchard, the treasurer, about noon, and then he would speak to him about it, and then he might draw on him in the evening for the sum, leaving a note of acknowledgment for the same."

Foote felt humbled at appearing before a playhouse treasurer, as receiving a boon from the manager. I cannot ask any gentleman to transact this business," said he, "as I must then betray my poverty; nor can I send my servant, as it would lessen the importance of his master. Do, Wilkinson, oblige me; you are a common friend of both; your interference will tell no secrets; you know already that I am poor, and you equally know that he is mean and avaricious."

Wilkinson complied, and Foote dissipated his chagrin by ridiculing the foibles of Garrick and repeating his poetry, saying, that were he to die first he dreaded lest Garrick should write his epitaph.

His northern expedition was fortunate, and filled his purse. He gave himself repose, during the summer, and wintered again in Dublin. Here, January 28, 1760, his comedy of *The Minor* first appeared, but was not received with all that

applause he expected; so that, after performing it for his benefit, on the February following, it was withdrawn for the season.

That he had brought mimickry into fashion, that Wilkinson had mimicked him, and that, in the character of Shift, in The Minor, he satirized and mimicked Wilkinson, are but trite anecdotes, considering the power of his genius. But to his genius, unfortunately, Foote never did justice.

His Irish expedition being not so profitable as he expected, he was obliged to perform at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, during the summer; and here, by re-writing and improving The Minor, he made it very productive.

In the summer of 1761, he and Mr. Murphy hired the Drury-lane theatre; and it was then that the latter gentleman first brought out his comedy of All in the Wrong. The afterpieces of the Citizen and The old Maid, by the same author, were next produced. The Citizen was but indifferently received, The Old Maid favorably: the success of the season, however, was not to the satisfaction of either party.

In less than four months, however, the purse of Foote was replenished by his comedy of *The Liar*, to which, though the subject was borrowed, he gave an animated and happy novelty: it appeared at the theatre, Covent-garden, in January 1762.

His next production was *The Orators*, brought out at the theatre in the Haymarket, in which Mr. Sheridan, who believed himself, and used every effort to persuade the public, that oratory was the foundation of virtue and excellence, was pertinently satirized, as were also the Robinhood Society, and the very daring imposition of the Cock-lane Ghost.

Doctor Johnson, sound and penetrating as his understanding was on most subjects, had some very remarkable foibles, and had, in a certain degree, made himself a partisan in favor of this ridiculous Cock-lane ghost. That Foote was deeply sensible of the worth and genius of Doctor Johnson, no man can morally doubt, and that he should therefore inwardly feel the greater indignation at so great a man thus degrading himself, would be the natural result of the respect in which Foote held

his powers. He intended, therefore, to have exhibited Johnson in a ludicrous manner in The Orators. This came to the ears of the Doctor, who publicly threatened to plant himself in the stage box, and the moment any performer should dare to mimick him, to jump on the stage and knock the buffoon down.

Equally respectful of the characters of two such men, let us examine this question no further, except to say that no human mind has yet been found without its weakness.

Foote declined exposing himself to public outrage, and substituted the character of George Faulkener, the printer of a Dublin newspaper, who is said to have been a very worthy man, but with many peculiarities. The ridicule of him was exceedingly risible, but not in the least injurious to his moral character. How far the peculiarities of men, which peculiarities must be deviations from common sense, are productive of disadvantage in society, and to what degree ridicule may correct all moral defects, are subjects worthy of serious discussion. By his public exhibitions, Foote raised himself a host of enemies; but by his private virtues, his generous, convivial, and liberal spirit, his hospitable and communicative temper, and his inimitable pleasantry, he gathered round him a firm phalanx of friends.

*(To be continued.)*

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# NEW PIECE, AND NEW PERFORMERS.

THE first new piece of this season appeared at the theatre royal, Covent-garden, Oct. 18th; and was received, in some of its parts, with great applause. The subject of it, "The Bravo of Venice," is now become somewhat hackneyed, on the stage and in the closet. As that subject has been lately treated, it can properly only belong to farce, which consits in producing certain strong effects from causes that will not, in themselves, bear examination, but which the writers of farce require should be taken for granted. If an exhibition of the improbable be farcical, then farce may be serious as well as comic; and in this

sense, all the improbable parts of dramatic composition, whether in tragedy or comedy, are farcical, whether it be from the nature of the events or the false coloring that is given to them; though the latter is far the most frequent.

The piece now under consideration is entitled Rugantino. Last season the piece was dramatized by Mr. Elliston, and performed at his own benefit under the title of The Venetian Outlaw. Four or five years ago the same story afforded the subject of a melo-drame at Paris, entitled *L'Homme a trois Visages;* and this piece, with respect to its dramatic form, appears to have been the parent of the others.

Rugantino merits no other criticism than that of speaking of the theatrical effects which it produces, and some of these are strong and very effective. The hero is enveloped in an air of mystery, which makes him appear a most audacious and abandoned villain at one moment, while the mind conceives hopes, at another, that he is a heroic character, acting under this bold and extravagant disguise, to effect some glorious purpose. The denouement shows this hope to have been well founded; but that denouement is feeble, ill managed, and productive of little effect: it ought to be rapid, and clear; it is slow, embarrassed, and approaching to ludicrous.

The comic parts were all of them highly impertinent to the piece, and, but for a few striking incidents and the splendid decorations, would certainly have brought destruction on it; though Mrs. Mattocks, who was the principal comic character, exerted herself in a manner highly creditable to her acknowledged talents. Of all other hackneyed stage subjects, that of an antiquated amorous lady is perhaps the most hackneyed, and the most liable to excite disgust.

The only comic character at all necessary to the piece was that of Mr. Liston, which, with scarcely any of that high colouring in which comedy consists, was little more than an inconsistent fearful old driveller, made to act just as the conspirators pleased. Mr. Liston was always natural, and sometimes pleasant.

To examine the masquerade scene by any of the rules of

common sense would be labor in vain. How the Doge of Venice, Doge though he were, could assemble all the gods and goddesses of heaven, earth, and hell, and make them descend by the aid of machinery from Olympian heights, and rise through trap-doors from infernal depths, in magnificent gilded cars and shells of pearl, with scenery and decorations innumerable, all ready for the occasion in his palace, is a problem which reason has no concern with resolving. The splendid and cumbrous magnificence is exhibited to please children of all ages, and sizes, and is therefore not exhibited in vain; for this brood of children is indeed numerous.

Happy the poet who can bend his mind to weave any slight materials, consistent or inconsistent, into a web that shall exhibit the like gorgeous splendor! It will for ever attract and dazzle the eye, while it either sets the judgment fast asleep or at defiance. Glittering tinfoil, of all the colors of the rainbow, snipt into fantastic forms, and gliding before the eye in all directions, can indeed send the imagination back to the fairy tales of youth; while it so fatigues the sense that it continues in a stupid gaze. Such kind of splendor has so increased upon us, that we have annually exclaimed—"Well! certainly, nothing hereafter can ever equal this!" Yet the very next season has produced something that has outshone all former outshinings.

To the general scenery of this piece, too much praise can scarcely be given; it was highly various, appropriate, and picuresque.

The performers in general did justice to their parts, and Mr. H. Johnston in particular was, surely, all if not much more than the author himself had hoped. In his change of voice, as well as of gesture, Mr. Johnston was admirable.

The piece will probably have a great run; otherwise, the expence of preparing it for representation will never be repaid. Those pieces are the most profitable which bring a succession of full houses, with little previous expence to the manager; which is a consideration that ought never to be forgotten, in the reward which authors receive for their labors.

At the theatre of Drury-lane, no performers new to the public have appeared. The merits of Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, transplanted from the other house to this, are well known to the town; and the true report to be made of them is, that, those merits are increasing. The descendants of the very respectable Kemble family have, hitherto, been all remarkable for a slow but certain uninterrupted growth of understanding.

At Covent-garden, there have been three new performers; Miss Smith, Mr. Lewis junior, and Mr. Liston; and all of them successful.

Miss Smith, however, has hitherto been thought unfortunate; either in her choice of characters or in being induced to make such a choice. Her first appearance was in Lady Townly, in the comedy of The Provoked Husband; and for this she wants a much higher degree of intercourse with and knowledge of fashionable life, than she has yet attained. In this part, she appeared to be a young woman of good understanding, and rather to be reproved for the want of amiable and complacent manners, than for being a lady hurried into the vortex of dissipation.

Lady Townly is supposed to be a woman of high fashion, and such women can neither be sullen nor put out of countenance: they are trammelled to stare, vacantly, whenever any thing either uncivil or improper is said in their presence. They vent their sarcasms, and their most splenetic humors, with the appearance of all that nonchalance which, however serious the subject, treats every thing alike with indifference. With the utmost bitterness of heart and inward vexation, they assume smiles, and utter the most cutting reproaches, as if they meant nothing more than to make a pleasant remark: but their smiles and tempered voice make their malice more keen though less apparent. The same ease and nonchalance are to be found in their manner of sitting, standing, and gliding along a room; and the actress, who has not studied all these, is no true representative of a woman of fashion. People of fashion cannot be put out of countenance, nor made to give any signs of feeling: their raptures and their disgust are communicated with vari-

ation of language, but not much of voice: they will not suffer themselves to rise or to descend to passion; and, in reality, in this practice, there is a great fund of sound understanding: it is the excess of it, only, that is absurd and ludicrous; for the thing itself discovers an enviable degree of self-command, presence of mind, and apparent amenity.

The above remarks are written as well for performers in general as for Miss Smith. This lady has a pleasing figure, about the middle size, a fine voice, and much understanding. If she cherish all the enthusiasm, which is necessary to excellence in every branch of art, it may safely be prophesied of her, that she will reach the heights of her profession. If any friends are so mistaken as o persuade her that she has at present fully reached those heights, and should she unfortunately believe those friends, be satisfied with herself, and remain stationary, she will then be a good actress, but will deserve no praise beyond mediocrity. She will neither be a tragic nor a comic muse; a Mrs. Siddons nor a Mrs. Jordan.

Such false judgment as this, however, appears to be a mistake which there is little danger she should commit; and therefore the stage has very great and delightful hopes in the future exertions of Miss Smith.

After the performance of Lady Townly, she delivered the famous Ode on the Passions, by Collins; and in this she displayed a high and charming degree of excellence: it has therefore been several times since repeated.

Her second character was that of Desdemona, in the tragedy of Othello, in which she gave great pleasure, but very far indeed from being equal to that which she is capable of giving.

Mr. Lewis appeared, October 10, in the characters of Frederic and Squire Groom; which are in the comedies of the Poor Gentleman and Love à la Mode. He is the son of Mr. Lewis, of the theatre, Covent-garden, who has been so long and so very great a favorite with the public. Young Mr. Lewis, as far as his retention and powers would permit, was a perfect transcript of his father; the habits of seeing and admiring of whom had been

so frequent, that he himself, perhaps, was not in the least aware how servilely they were copied. Future study will teach him to feel, instead of to imitate. I do not mean that he wants sensibility: the feeling of which I speak is, that perception and strong recollection of nature, which accompanies every kind of feeling, comic, tragic, and sentimental. The young gentleman gave good hopes of attaining future excellence: the study of the human heart will teach him discrimination, and presence of mind; for, till these are highly possessed, no person can become a great actor, whose every motion, word, and look, should show him possessed by the spirit of the character he represents.

Delighted as the amateurs of the theatre have long been with Mr. Lewis, the father, they were happy to show their gratitude, and bestowed an ample share of applause upon his portrait. May the son in time become a worthy substitute!

Mr. Liston was not entirely new to the town: he had performed, during the summer, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, where he had become a favorite. His first appearance on the boards of Covent-garden theatre, October 15, was in Jacob Gawky, and the comic effect which he produced was very great: he sometimes almost convulsed the house with laughter. He appears thoroughly to have studied the art of acting, and to have attained the most difficult of all its parts: forgetfulness of himself, and a continual recollection of the character he assumes. In several, though not in all, of the branches of the dramatic art, the stage may justly be called at present uncommonly rich.

The two theatres, this season, have begun to perform every night much sooner than was formerly customary: that of Covent-garden seems already to have put forth all its strength, goading as it were the torpid genius of Drury-lane to greater exertion. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Kemble, for the correct and classical manner in which many pieces, tragedies especially, have been performed under his management, and with the addition of his great abilities. Truth will not suffer unqualified praise to be bestowed; but in Zanga, and in

Othello, he deserves an ample tribute of applause; as he has this season several times proved.

After the deep wounds which the sound understanding has received from the vapid attempts of children, who can describe the high satisfaction and delight given to it, by the combined efforts of three such extraordinary performers as himself, his sister, and Mr. Cooke, aided by several, who, though inferior to the former, appear to pant after the attainment of equal excellence? I doubt if the history of the stage afford so correct, so rich, so exquisite a performance as the tragedy of Othello, as it is now performed at Covent-garden.

The acting of Mr. Cooke, in Iago, is almost beyond praise. Here and there, the spectator can perceive some little improvement possible; but no candid judge will say he ever hoped to see any thing so near perfection.

Mr. Charles Kemble performed Cassio with much excellence, and is evidently unremitting in his studies.

To say any thing in praise of Mrs. Siddons were superfluous; yet to be silent would be no less painful than it might appear unjust.

Passing over to Drury-lane, we there find Mr. Elliston in full activity; and the versatility of his powers exciting our admiration. Perhaps he does too much to leave him time for the attainment of that degree of perfection of which he is capable.

Mr. Bannister, and especially Mrs. Jordan, with many other names familiar and pleasant to the public ear, combine to afford the public amusement.

A comedy is in preparation at this theatre, said to be the joint production of Messrs. Pye and Arnold; and a melo-drame by Mr. Skeffington. The future novelties of Covent-garden are not yet announced.

## DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

THE actors of the French theatre were desirous that those of the Italian theatre should speak nothing but French. The

question was brought before Lewis XIV. and *Baron* and *Dominique* were appointed the advocates for each party. *Baron* was the famous actor, who had been educated by *Molière;* and *Dominique* was a no less famous Harlequin. When the former had ended his harangue, the king made a sign to *Dominique* to speak in turn. After various harlequinade antics, he addressed himself to the monarch, and asked—"In what language does your majesty command me to speak?"—"Speak as you please," replied the king—"That is exactly what I wish," answered Dominique: "my cause is gained! I humbly thank your majesty." The king laughed heartily at being thus entrapped. "My word is given," said he; "it cannot be recalled."

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It was long the custom in Italy, and is often still, to sketch the plot and incidents of a dramatic piece, and leave the actors to fill up the dialogue extempore. This was practised by the Italian company at Paris. *Harlequin Bouffon de Cour* was one of these pieces, and, when it appeared in 1716, gave much pleasure. The fable, or sketch given to the actors, was printed for the use of the ladies, who at that time were generally desirous to learn the Italian; so that it was customary for a lady to have an Italian master in her box, to interpret the dialogue, like as travellers in Italy take *Ciceroni* to explain the antiquities of Rome.

After the representation of this piece, *Thomassin,* the famous Harlequin, came forward, and addressing the spectators in a jargon, half Italian half French, which was very pleasant as he spoke it, said, "Ladies and Gentleman, I have read a little tale this morning, for now and then I take the whim of reading, which, with your permission, I will repeat in Italian; and those who understand will explain it to those who do not." He then, in a most comic manner, repeated the fable of *La Fontaine,* called *The Miller, his Son, and his Ass,* accompanied by most whimsical gesticulation: he alighted from the ass like the miller, mounted him like the boy, trotted before them, assumed the different tones of reproach, with which the passengers are supposed to speak, and, having ended this humorous recital,

added, in French——"I come now, Ladies and Gentlemen, to the application. I am the miller, I am the boy, nay, and I am the ass. This critic commands, 'Harlequin, speak French! the ladies do not understand you, nor the gentlemen perhaps much better.' I bow, return thanks, turn on t'other side, and there I hear—'Harlequin, you ought never to speak French: you lose all your fire, all your humor; it will not do!'——You see how I am embarassed! tell me, must I speak French, or must I speak Italian?" When he had ended, a person from the pit, who appeared to have collected the votes of the house, replied—"Speak what you please, you will always give pleasure."

*Mlle. Duclos* was famous in the character of *Ariane*, in the tragedy of that name, by *Thomas Corneille*. This piece was called for, when *Dancourt* advanced to give out another. He was greatly embarassed, for the lady had received a present, which had not been given by Hymen, and which was become very cumbrous. Of this he had to inform the pit, without offending the actress. When he could be heard, *Dancourt* advanced, began to apologize, informed the house that *Mlle. Duclos* was indisposed, and by an adroit gesticulation pointed out the seat of the disease. On this, *Mlle. Duclos*, who stood observing him, rushed on the stage, flew to the orator, gave him a slap on the face, and with the same heat, turning toward the pit, said—*A demain Ariane:* to-morrow Ariane.

When the ballet of the Death of Captain Cook was first brought forward at Covent-garden theatre, an apparently seafaring man, in the gallery, frequently annoyed those behind him, by repeatedly rising from his seat during the representation; the consequence of his great attention to the scene as passing. When the savage steals behind Cook, and lifts the dagger to strike the fatal blow, he rose with violent emotion, and cried out, "You damn'd villain, what are you about?" Then suddenly recollecting himself, he sat down, and said to

those around him—"I beg your pardon, gentlefolks; but this affects me, for I was with the Captain at the time."

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To the man who studies and philosophizes on the difference of manners and nations, the stage is in every respect a fruitful subject. The changes which theatrical pieces undergo, when transplanted from nation to nation, are remarkable. The French have made Romeo and Juliet a ballad opera: nay, George Barnwell. In 1765 M. Anseaume gave *his comedy* in three acts, *with songs*, called *L'Ecole de la Jeunesse*, to the Italian theatre; of which the following account is given in a French Theatrical Dictionary: "The English tragedy of the London Merchant, by *Thom-* "*son* *, translated into French by *Clément de Géneve*, furnished "*M. Anseaume* with the subject of his piece. The end of "the English author is to prove that a youth, who yields to the "seductions of a woman of ill fame, soon passes from inno- "cence to the worst of crimes. Thus, Barnwell becomes faith- "less to his friends, perfidious to his master, and the murderer "of his uncle, by yielding to the avarice of a prostitute, who is "the first to deliver him into the hands of justice. *The the-* "*atre represents the place of execution, the gallows, the hangman,* "*the populace, and every appurtenance.* Perhaps, there is no "piece, on the London stage, which has been so often per- "formed, and so universally applauded."

Nothing can be more to a nation's praise than that it should delight in moral exhibitions; and it may be doubted whether any single drama have better promoted morality, than the tragedy of George Barnwell. Whether the stage decoration, in the last act, were what is here represented, which representation, to the feelings of the French, is that of contempt, the documents are not at this moment before me to prove or deny. We all know how different the stage decoration is, at present: but it may be doubted whether it be so effectual, or so moral, nay so civilized, as that which the French critic affects to despise.

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* Every English reader knows *Lillo* was the author of George Barnwell.

# MISCELLANIES.

## PROVINCIAL THEATRES.

### STAFFORD.

A Correspondent has expressed, in the fourth Number of the Recorder, a very hasty and illiberal opinion of the merits of the Stafford comedians*. Like some religious persons, who assert that there is nothing but vice in this world, because some evil is permitted, so, Sir, does your merciless correspondent condemn, *sans ceremonie* and in lots, our corps dramatique, because, forsooth, they are not free from errors; though in them, as in the actors on the great theatre of the universe, good on the whole preponderates. The manager, from the versatility of his talents, may be properly styled a useful performer. Though he seldom soars above, he still less seldom sinks beneath, mediocrity; and in our contracted hemisphere, where no "Star" of theatrical genius ever rises, we can view him with complacency and gratification. As a proof of Mr. Stanton's industry, and of the versatility of his talents, I need only mention, that *I have seen him, after printing his own play-bills, taking money at the door of* the theatre; *shortly after that he appeared in the character of Sir George Airy; and between the acts of the play took the lead in the orchestra: in the farce he amused us as Hob in the Well; and at intervals was actively employed as scene-shifter, lamp-dresser, and prompter.* To say that he supported all these characters, and supported them with ability, is in my estimation no mean praise.——The veteran Fairbairn, though he may fail to please the fastidious, almost always gives pleasure to him who resigns the reins of his imagination to the cunning of the scene. In the highest walks of the drama, he gratifies all but the critics; and the critics of country audiences are not, alas! *always* infallible.——Several other performers deserve honorable testimony, among whom we must particularize Mrs. Bew, Miss Phelps, and Miss Johnstone. Some valuable additions have been lately made to the company.

Eccleshall (Staffordshire).—In this small place, a few Thespians have lately "strutted their hour upon the stage,"

* This intelligence was communicated to the editor in the form of a letter.

some of whom possess talents which would honor larger theatres, though now virtually lost to society from the neglect of some and the indifference of others. Mr. Marshall, who has performed in most theatres in the kingdom, is the manager. His son, about seven years of age, would prove one of the most successful of the infant Rocius tribe, if his father had not too much good sense to permit him to attempt characters unfit for his tender years. However, he is brought forward to sing comic songs; and so highly does he delight those who hear him, that, when he was detained one evening by accident from the theatre, a very respectable audience waited his arrival upwards of half an hour!

Litchfield.—Cooke concluded his summer excursion on the 14th of September at Litchfield, in the character of Iago. To say that we were highly gratified, would be as novel as to say that the rays of an August sun are warm, and the frosts of December cold.——Huddart was the Othello of the evening, and he is capable of performing the character well; but he is too rapid and violent. We would recommend him to imitate Kemble in this character, who, to use a sporting phrase, *walks over* the first acts, and reserves his energies for those scenes which more particularly require them. The contrary mode, which Mr. Huddart adopted, rendered him unfit to give a proper effect to passages of the highest interest, and did not present a contrast sufficiently striking between them and the less impassioned scenes.

Derby.—This company bids fair to rival the first in the country. Messrs. James Robertson, and Adcock, the managers, Mr. Manley, Miss Woodfall, &c. possess talents which are calculated to amuse, adorn, and improve society.

Lincoln.—Mr. Robson ranks first among the sons of Thespis at the theatre in this city: he possesses the principal requisites of a good actor; he is young and handsome; his figure is graceful, his voice deep and harmonious, and his manner chaste and correct. He errs principally (and who does not err?) in neglecting to give sufficient variety and suppleness to the tones of his voice, in long speeches of blank verse. At the conclusion of the season he is engaged to join the Derby company, to which he will

prove a very valuable acquisition.——Mr. Brooke is a very respectable comedian.——The manager (Mr. Robertson) sometimes appears in characters of importance, and it is but justice to say that he has friends who admire his acting: but, in respect to myself, I hope I may "never look upon his like again."——Mr. James Robertson, of the Derby company, has performed here nine nights, and has by turns delighted the lovers of chaste acting, and those who are amused by humor of the exuberant species. He is indeed a comedian of "most excellent fancy." Even the *Gods* were *elevated* in his presence, and a tumult of applause sometimes lasted a quarter of an hour after the conclusion of one of his songs.——Mrs. Robertson, the manager's wife, is in person not unlike Mrs. Glover. She is a charming and graceful actress, but withal possessing more affectation than is agreeable even to her most ardent admirers. Her countenance is extremely interesting; and if the following *high-flown* expression may be applied to any human voice, it may be to hers:

> There is a melody in every tone
> Would charm the tow'ring eagle in his flight,
> Or tame a hungry lion.

But mere words, however strong and well delivered, sink into insignificance when contrasted with the intelligence which sparkles in her eyes.——Miss Spilsbury is a very promising young actress; she improves rapidly; and Mrs. Norris, in antiquated virgins, is unequalled by any actress I ever saw. We are here too remote from the orbits of any of the Stars, as the London and other great actors are called; we have no Kembles, no Cookes, no Siddonses: we have not even been *gratified* with the lisping of infant heros and heroines!—O Manager, where is thy blush!

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COSTUME.

Instead of giving a colored print of some fashionable or fanciful stage dress in each number, the Editor finds many of his Subscribers desirous to possess the likeness of a performer: he therefore intends to give the heads of two performers here-

after with each number, in the manner of those of Mrs. Jordan and Mr. Elliston at the beginning of the present. Every care will be taken that the likeness shall be so strong as for the face to be immediately known by the persons who are acquainted with the original. The Editor is particularly happy in having obtained, for this purpose, the aid of Miss Emma Smith; whose happy art, in taking accurate portraits, is so highly and justly esteemed. It is the Editor's intention, if it should happen that the likeness given of any performer should not generally be thought good, to give another of the same person. Every care, through each department of The Theatrical Recorder, shall be taken to make it, not only a valuable temporary performance, but, worthy a place in every library.

The Indian Costume of the present Number is a Gassyara, or Grass Cutter. In India, animals are daily fed with fresh cut grass.

A Mushauljee, or Link Boy.

A Corah-Burdar, whose office it is to inflict punishment with the Corah, according to the Mahometan law: but the figure here given holds a scourge in his hand, which has been substituted by government instead of the Corah.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*I. R. is respectfully informed that the Editor does not happen to be acquainted with any such direct plagiarism as that to which he alludes. It should rather appear, in the composition of Minna Von Barnhelm, that Lessing took more than a hint, and that he partly drew Major Von Tellheim from Colonel Standard, in Farquhar's Constant Couple. The intelligence promised by I. R. will be thankfully received.*

*To the person who sent the Provincial Intelligence of this month the Editor acknowledges his obligation.*

*The* Verses *said to be* by a Lady of Family *are omitted, because they would injure the person they intend to serve, who is a very meritorious actor, in great favor with the public, and does not deserve to be laughed at in bombastic and hyperbolical praise.*

NAMES OMITTED, AND WRONGLY SPELT, IN THE LIST OF THE COMPANY OF COMEDIANS AT COVENT GARDEN, GIVEN IN NO. X.

*Omitted.*—Messrs. Goodwin, Liston, and Smith. Mrs. Masters; Miss Cox, and Miss Martyr.

*Wrongly spelt.*—Burne, *Byrne, E.*; Klanhert, *Klavert.* Mrs. Benton, *Benson*; Leseove, *Leserve*; Mattoxs, *Mattocks*; St. Ledger, *St. Leger.*

## MONTHLY LIST, FOR OCTOBER, 1805.

### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

| OCT. | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | The Merry Wives of Windsor - | The Spoiled Child. |
| 3. | The Soldier's Daughter - - - - | Of Age To-morrow. |
| 5. | She Stoops to Conquer - - - - | A House to be Sold. |
| 7. | Romeo and Juliet - - - - - - - | The Devil to Pay. |
| 8. | The Belle's Stratagem - - - - - | The Soldier's Return. |
| 9. | The Constant Couple - - - - - | The Wedding Day. |
| 10. | The Jealous Wife - - - - - - - | Matrimony. |
| 11. | Othello - - - - - - - - - - - - | The Irishman in London. |
| 12. | The Beaux Stratagem - - - - - | Fortune's Frolic. |
| 14. | The Busy Body - - - - - - - - | Two Strings to your Bow. |
| 15. | The Constant Couple - - - - - - | Youth, Love, and Folly. |
| 16. | As You Like It - - - - - - - - | The Doctor and the Apothecary. |
| 17. | Macbeth - - - - - - - - - - - | Bon Ton. |
| 18. | The Rivals - - - - - - - - - - | Youth, Love, and Folly. |
| 19. | The Honey Moon - - - - - - - | Youth, Love, and Folly. |
| 21. | Macbeth - - - - - - - - - - - | The Citizen. |
| 22. | The Constant Couple - - - - - | The Sultan. |
| 23. | All in the Wrong - - - - - - - | The Soldier's Return. |
| 24. | The Honey Moon - - - - - - - | High Life Below Stairs. |
| 25. | The School for Scandal - - - - | A House to be Sold. |
| 26. | The Wheel of Fortune - - - - - | The Devil to Pay. |
| 28. | Romeo and Juliet - - - - - - - | The Soldier's Return. |

### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

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|---|---|---|
| 2. | The Provoked Husband - - - - | The Turnpike Gate. |
| 4. | Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - | The Lock and Key. |
| 7. | The Revenge - - - - - - - - - | The Lake of Lausanne. |
| 8. | Richard the Third - - - - - - - | The Lake of Lausanne. |
| 9. | Isabella - - - - - - - - - - - | The Lake of Lausanne. |
| 10. | The Poor Gentleman - - - - - | Love à la Mode. |
| 11. | The Gamester - - - - - - - - - | Hartford Bridge. |
| 12. | Othello - - - - - - - - - - - | The Poor Soldier. |
| 14. | The Revenge - - - - - - - - - | The Will for the Deed. |
| 15. | The Chapter of Accidents - - - | The Turnpike Gate. |
| 16. | Jane Shore - - - - - - - - - - | The Quaker. |
| 17. | Othello - - - - - - - - - - - | The Farmer. |
| 18. | The Man of the World - - - - - | Rugantino. |
| 19. | The Stranger - - - - - - - - - | Rugantino. |
| 21. | John Bull - - - - - - - - - - | Rugantino. |
| 22. | The Fair Penitent - - - - - - - | Rugantino. |
| 23. | Rule a Wife and have a Wife - | Rugantino. |
| 24. | The Grecian Daughter - - - - | Rugantino. |
| 25. | As You Like It - - - - - - - - | Rugantino. |
| 26. | Jane Shore - - - - - - - - - - | Rugantino. |
| 28. | Speed the Plough - - - - - - - | Rugantino. |